MEMORABILIA

By Carl Ringgenberg

With love to my grandson Paul
Papason

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PREFACE AND/OR INTRODUCTION

For months I've had this tablet with its yellow ruled sheets on which to write some of my memories. The thing that's held me up was whether to write a "Preface" or an "Introduction." Every good author always starts his writings with one or the other. I don't want to miss any bets, so I'm going to use both a Preface and an Introduction.

On October 8th of this year, 1977, I took a walk down the road, south, parallel to the length of the farm on which I've lived so many years. One has time for many more thoughts while walking, than when going the same distance by car. So, incidents, many trivial in nature, came to mind as I passed certain fields; where I disced in my first oats - where my mules tried to run away with me and my McCormick mower - where Eloise and I picked (by hand) our first corn - where, when a boy of nine or ten our family went through the corn fields, chopping cockle burrs during the heat of July and August while the tenant and his family enjoyed the cool shade at the house - the tile lines my father dug in the summer time when I could come out from town with him, sharing a basket lunch and a jug of water at noon. I could go on and on but if I did, I'd have nothing left for part one.

If these jottings have any merit, it's due to the inspiration I receive from my memories of Eloise (my wife) and our wonderful children Ruth, Dorothy, Robert and Marilyn. With the passing years, came the loss of Dorothy aged sixteen and the addition of Randall Matson, Harriet Hawk and Maxwell Patrick. With such increases, the grandchildren followed: Lee and Lynn Matson; Ray, Janet, Paul and Susan Ringgenberg; Mike and David Patrick. After Eloise left us, Ruth Plagman came into our home and we had almost ten years of happy association, when she too was taken from us.

After three and a half years of single living, Vera Wymore and I were married December 3, 1979. Vera is a cheerful, loving companion, and again makes our home a wonderful place in which to live. We enjoy many of the same things together. Vera's presence makes a gloomy day bright.

In my eighty four point four years I have experienced many joys, sorrows, failures, some successes, and heaps of blessings including good health, for which I thank God daily. Our lives have been enriched by a wounderful circle of friends. Somehow the old friendships are the best and we cherish them the most.

If the following writings turn out to have any interest, I'll dedicate them to all the above relatives and friends who have made life worth living.

PART I

My mother's family was a close knit one, much more so than my father's brothers and sisters. So when mother's parents plus all the unmarried brothers and sisters moved from the Alleman area to south central Nebraska, it was not surprising that my parents followed. Therefore, I was born on a farm north of Campbell, Nebraska, April 28, 1895. I know very little about the particulars, except that I showed up about seven A.M. with white hair. My older brother Calvin teased me as I grew up about my hair, his being dark, calling me a white head. With age my hair darkened and now it is again white. I couldn't locate this farmstead where I was born if I tried. A few years ago my Uncle Henry took me to the place; all there was left was a small shed, probably a cob house. Father went into the Poland China hog business there and the buildings being poor, an unusual rainy spell, and leaky roofs put him out of the hog business. I don't know how the crops were that year, but 1896 found my parents back on a farm near Alleman, Iowa, where we lived till the year 1900.

I can remember getting the soles of my feet burned trying barefeet to jump across the ashes of a pile of burnt cobs like Calvin did, and Mother rocking me on the platform rocker in the living room. I later pinched my fingers in that same rocker. There was a dance at our house one night, big doings, as we had to move the organ from the living room out on the porch and into the kitchen where the dancing took place. Remembering this, and learning too, later on that in his younger days father sneaked out from his bedroom at night with his accordian to play for some neighborhood dance, I wondered why my parents made me promise never to play for dances, before they would buy me a violin.

Our farm was located one and three quarters miles from school, so when Calvin refused to go to school alone, I was sent too, although I was not yet five years old. There were times I'd fall asleep at my desk and Sophie Brizer, the teacher, would waken me, make me take hold of her apron strings and follow her around the room. I can't remember that I learned anything.

I recall one bright spring day, both Calvin and I rebelled at going to school. Finally, we told mother if she'd let us ride Suse (a grey mare) down the road to the culvert (about a half mile) we'd go. So mother led the horse and we rode bareback. When we got the the culvert, we said "take us to the corner," (another one-fourth mile) so she did. When we got to the corner, we said "take us to the creek crossing" (another one-fourth mile or so). This was one too many for

mother. She said emphatically, "No!" - took us off the horse, and started us up the road - both of us "bawling". I remember I lost my breakfast in the ordeal. Mother, in disgust, put us both on the horse, took us back home and said to father, "Now you can sell the farm!"

By 1900 my parents were ready to move again, mainly because of the distance we lived from school. There were large wooden boxes and trunks packed, the farm was sold and we were headed for Texas when news of the Galveston flood hit Iowa. News in those days was not as detailed as today so it was decided that with those kind of storms, Texas was not for us. We wound up living in Jamaica, Iowa, where father had bought a farm. It was a wet one and still has a pond on it, going by the name of the man who bought the farm from us - Long's Pond. Incidentally, Father took in part payment when he sold this farm, a house and lot on Lincoln Way, in West Ames. This house had an inside toilet and septic tank. This was about 1904. Collegiate Methodist now occupies the lot where this house stood.

Housing was scarce in Jamaica, so we lived in an old frame school house while a new home was being built for us. Mother, using wire and curtains, made several rooms of the one large school room we occupied.

It was here I started and quit chewing tobacco. Father chewed Climax. One evening he was visiting outside with some one and sent me in after his "plug". I got it. It smelled sweet so I bit off a chew on the way out. I swallowed the resulting mixture and became very very sick. I almost heaved up my shoes. I never told mother what made me sick and I never took another "chew".

When I see all the things required to teach first graders these days I marvel that pupils are able to learn anything. I had a combination first grade reader and speller, a slate, slate pencil, a soapy piece of sponge and a rag. By using the latter with a liberal amount of spit, one could really have a clean slate. I could soon count to one hundred. When I got one hundred on an arithmetic test and the teacher told me that was as high as I could get, that noon I took all my things home and told mother I was through school, there was no use my going any longer, "I couldn't get higher than one hundred." A firm command sent me reluctantly back to school with all my equipment, but I was convinced I was just wasting my time. But to this day I'm still learning, I hope.

Calvin has been playing the reed organ, by ear, since he was seven years old. He would stand on one leg and pump the pedal with the other - he was too small to sit on the stool and still reach the pedals. He started taking lessons from a Perry lady, Mrs. Worth, and very soon was able to play hymns, reading the notes. I remember the first hymn which we all sang together was, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." One of

the first musical events I can recall was a recital put on by this music instructor, in the Opera House. Calvin sang a song about "Little Boy Blue".

We had been in Jamaica only a sort time, when father bought a grey three year old mare and a single buggy. We called this horse Bess and in the years ahead she provided us with transportation and pleasure, especially in Ames. We were soon riding her and solved the problem of getting on, by letting her eat grass, then straddling her head. As she threw her head up, we'd crawl along her neck to her back.

We moved into our new five room cottage in Jamaica in 1902. On the adjacent lot we had a garden. That fall we had a large crop of pie pumpkins, and father said I could sell some. So we loaded my little red wagon with pumpkins and I started down the street. The first place I came to, I decided I didn't know the people there well enough to try to make a sale, so I passed that place. The more I thought about it, I decided I didn't know any one well enough to try to make a sale at five cents per pumpkin. Finally I came to the home of my Sunday School teacher. Course I couldn't charge her, so I put a pumpkin on her porch and went home. That was the sum and total of my sales.

My parents never had too much schooling. Father didn't finish the fifth grade. He decided his boys were going to do better than that so in 1902 he came to Ames and bought two farms: one he said for me (at $67.50 per acre) and one for Calvin--a well improved farm for that day (at $76.99 per acre). After that, it was only a matter of "when" we would move to the Ames area.

Jamaica had three churches, Christian, United Brethren and Methodist, all competing for our membership. We chose Methodist where we all joined, so when we moved to Ames the fall of 1903 we knew where we would attend.

It was the summer of 1902 (I think) when we drove from Jamaica to the Slater and Mingo area with Bess and the "single seated" buggy. We two boys sat on a board with our backs to the dashboard. It was "slightly" crowded.

Somewhere between Jamaica and Slater, Bess got scared of some cattle in a pasture, ran off the road and upset the buggy. Father got Bess stopped but he had a badly bleeding gash on his forehead. We went to a near by farm house where father got the bleeding stopped and his face cleaned up. There was a man there with a very large nose. After looking mother over, he told father not to worry, if anything happened to him he'd look after mother and we boys. Luckily we were soon on our way to Slater with no permanent damage.

Aunt Elizabeth (we all called her Lizzie) and Uncle Phil lived on a hilly farm adjoining heavy timber near Mingo. One morning Uncle Phil took his shot gun, killed and dressed a squirrel, and that was our meat for breakfast. Years later when Uncle Phil was very ill and bedfast, he gave me his

single barrel shot gun and gave Calvin his watch. I still have both these articles today, although the gun has the end of the barrel sawed off.

While we were visiting at Mingo, a heavy rain put the Skunk river out of its banks. When we went to cross the river on our way home, all we could see of the road across the expanse of water was the railing of the bridge which spanned the river bed. Using this as a target we crossed the river and then drove to the spot where the road went up the hill from the river. The water never got as high as the body of the buggy, but farmers' chickens took refuge on the tops of manure piles.

It was this same summer, 1902, that I had my first glimpse of the farm where I have now lived since 1920. Mother had a married brother, Will Bierhaus, living on a farm near Sheldahl. One sunshiny day, he, his wife, three daughters, my parents, Calvin, and I in a spring wagon rode up through Kelley, and north, past the Rosenfelt farm. At the southwest corner of the 80 acres formerly owned by Chester Person, we came to a swamp, through which meandered a shallow creek. About half way through this swampy area, our spring wagon got so deeply mired, there was fear of the double tree breaking. So we all got off, and made our way as best we could on grassy spots to dry land on the north side of the swamp. A deep drainage ditch dug later did away with this wet area.

We came on north, turning east past the now "450 Farm", and up, the then grass road (which is closed now). There were several wet places, some on the south twenty acres, of our farm. These and others were later tiled by father after we moved to Ames.

This was not a well improved farm. The barn was on the north side of the road, with barn lots to the north. There was a stock tank just east of the barn beside the road. Passersby would water their horses there. There was a granary across the road south of the barn, and a junky pig shed west of the barn with a board fence around it.

The house was made up of a sixteen by thirty two feet two story, four room, main part, with a one story addition, kitchen and dining area on the south. Our present shop is made up of the kitchen and dining room area of the old house. The main part of the house was moved and now makes the hay mow part of the barn. The sills of this section are solid oak, hand hewed, twelve by twelve inches and show where the joists were morticed into the beams. These beams could well be used by some builder looking for a rustic touch.

Some time after we moved to Ames, the original barn on the north side of the road burned on a clear summer day and would you beleive it? Just after the insurance had expired!

Poor buildings attracted poor tenants, so the farm was infested with cockle burrs and morning glories. Good farming in time, eliminated the burrs and the hogs rooted out the

morning glories from the hog tight-fenced sixty acres. It took the chemical 2-4-D to eradicate this pesky weed from the whole farm.

When we moved to Ames, all our worldly possessions were put in a freight car, along with Bess, our milk cow and a new two-seated surry and driving harness Father had bought. Guess we'd out grown the single seater. Mother, Calvin and I came to Ames by train, changing cars at Slater. Father came with the freight car. We got to Ames a couple hours ahead of the freight so waited for Father in the depot. It was an exciting place in those days, passenger trains and freight trains going in all four directions. We even heard our first "train caller" here. There were even rocking chairs in the waiting room.

We lived in a rented house for 6 months, (This was the fall of 1903) one block west of Lincoln school and one block south of Lincoln way. Renting gave the folks time to decide where they wanted to buy a home. The first place bought was 618 8th Street. Then in 1906 the house at 722 Grand was built, and later in 1915 the home at 716 Grand was built.

Shortly after we moved to 722 Grand Avenue, I got a new project, a colorful Bantam rooster and two hens. One of these hens laid her eggs on Mrs. Layman's back porch. She made no objections since she got the eggs. That summer I raised twenty four more bantams, twelve cockerels and twelve pullets - all having the run of the neighborhood. No one made a complaint except my Father. He said one evening, "we're going to have to get rid of some of those chickens. Come on out - we'll pick out a couple for dinner tomorrow." They were roosting in the hen house. I picked one up, looked it over, put it back and said, "You can't have that one". After repeating the process several times, I picked one up, stroked it fondly, and handing it to Father said, sadly "I guess you'll have to go". I must have said the right thing. Father put the Bantam back on the roost and said,"Keep it, but you'll have to get rid of them". I did. Two pair I took in peach baskets to cousins in Nebraska by train. I thought I had them well hidden under the coach seat, but one happened to crow as the conductor came along. "You're making a hen house out of my coach", he said. I was glad he smiled when he said that. Imagine what the people in that Grand Ave. neighborhood would say now if some boy had two dozen bantams running loose. It's a changing world all right.

In 1904, 8th Street east of Grand had a large population of kids our age, so we had no shortage of playmates, especially since we had a horse we could ride - four or five of us at a time. In winter we'd hitch Bess to a line of sleds and go up and down the streets of Ames. In summer we went swimming in Squaw Creek, naked and came home via what is now Orchard Drive area, for the worm free apples there.

About this time some circus must have come to town, because Calvin and I organized one, calling it the C & C Ringgenberg show. We put out bills, (think we featured a calf) tried to do some trapeze stunts, etc. The only reason this event was important was becasue it gave me a nick name which stayed with me thru high school - "C.C."

In this happy environment, disaster struck me. By this time Calvin had become quite a pianist. (We bought the piano almost as soon as we hit Ames.) Calvin was getting quite a name for his ability. My parents decided they weren't going to let me grow up dumb. So I had to start taking piano lessons too. I would have preferred playing ball, etc. Well, after nine lessons, I still couldn't read the bass cleft and I was still a problem child when it came time to practice. I would do most anything to get away from that piano.

At Sunday school, two Swank brothers played violins and their father played the bass viol during the hymn singing. I guess those bows going up and down must have hypnotized me. Anyway I said, "If they'd get me a violin I'd practice." After I'd solemnly promised never to play for dances, I found myself in possession of one of the Swank boys' violins. I don't know how the family endured the torture they went through while I was learning the rudiments of playing. But were my parents ever proud when I could play (with Calvin at the piano) such numbers as Angels Serenade, Flower Song, Melody in F! We even got to play for wedding receptions (parlor music) and for as much as $1.00 apiece per night. I was still in the eighth grade when I was invited to play with the high school orchestra. All this musical activity cut my ball playing, etc., time two ways. I had to practice and the folks weren't about to have me get crippled fingers playing some (to them) senseless game as base ball.

I was responsible for certain chores and duties about the home. Every Saturday it was my job, (Never Cavin's) to shine the shoes of the whole family. I considered this unjust, discrimination, cruel, and unwarranted punishment. I argued long and loud about this. I didn't mind doing three pair of shoes, but that fourth pair (Calvin's) was too much. The polish we had in those days didn't take the quick shine we get today. It took a lot of brushing. I always did that 4th pair last and spent as little time on it, as I could get by with.

The year before we bought the farm I now live on, the former owner had hired Pete Lang's father to cut one thousand oak posts in the timber. This left a lot of limbs the size of a man's wrist and smaller lying about. We'd come out here, pick up a wagon load and haul it to town. It was my job to chop a wash tub full of stove length wood each night. I was presented a boy's sized axe to make the job more attractive. I credit my present golf drive to those axe swinging days. There was the lawn to mow as well as a couple neighbors lawns I did for money - for as much as 25¢ - after Father said 12¢ one time and 13¢ the second time was not enough.

For years we kept a cow and sold milk at 5¢ per quart, delivered in a syrup pail. In summer I drove the family cow to and from pasture along with a neighbor's cow. The neighbor paid me 50¢ per month. One summer Calvin had a gold mine. There were four cows he drove to and from pasture for folks living in the block where the Fareway store is located. This netted him $2.00 a month. I was never paid money for doing work at home. It was just expected that children too should assume responsibility for keeping the home fires burning.

While we lived on 8th Street we had as many as three horses and one cow at one time. I must tell you about "Nellie K". She was a Morgan Mare, and had been trained for racing. We got her from Rev. Shea. He was our Methodist pastor, when our present church was built. He was not only a good pastor and friend of our family, but an avid horse man. He always drove a "fast horse". Now Nellie was getting up in years, but she never wanted to let any one pass her when she was hitched to the buggy. She was a pacer and an "easy rider". One day I was riding her home after taking the cow to pasture, north of 13th Street on Grand - in the vicinity of 12th Street coming home, I met some boys taking cows north. We stopped to talk, when one of the boys suddenly hit Nellie with a whip. She almost jumped out from under me. I couldn't begin to stop her. We came down Grand, she turned in the alley between 7th and 8th with her almost lying on her side, down to the barn, thru the door and banged into the manger. Then we stopped. Since then, I've ridden trains, autos, airplanes, but conditions considered, Nellie gave me the fastest ride of my life.

In spite of the fact we always had horses, I was continually teasing for a pony. I finally got my wish after we moved to 722 Grand Avenue. One day I had Beaut out eating grass on the front lawn, when Warren Minkler, Eloise's brother, came along riding a black driving mare. he told me that he raised Beaut, and the mare he was riding was Beaut's mother.

One fall, Iowa State was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its founding. Gen. Lincoln, (College Military Commander) organized twelve of us "pony riding boys" into a cavalry unit. After some training we were able to execute formations on command. The way the general gave these orders, you'd think there were at least a thousand of us. We rode in the parade around the central campus at the fiftieth anniversary celebration of I.S.C. founding and later the general put us through our formations. We made such a hit, we had to do a repeat performance later in the day. I received an award for horsemanship - a riding whip. It must have cost all of 10 cents. Fifty years later, as State Senator from this district, I spoke at the one hundredth anniversary of the founding college. Films and recordings of this momentous occasion are now in the archives of the university. Oh yes! There's a picture of our cavalry unit on page 126 of Green Hills, an album of Iowa State Memories.

Beaut raised a cream colored colt and I called him Chester. I spent hours with him. He'd take off my hat, lie down, run in a circle (at the end of a long rope) jumping saw horses, and shake hands. He was only thirty six inches tall, dappled, with cream colored mane and tail. In winter he was shaggy but in summer he had a slick shiny coat. You can imagine my sense of loss when we had to sell him the fall of 1911, as my Mother, Calvin and I went to Boston for a year so Calvin could attend the New England Conservatory of Music.

My uncle, Ernest Bierhaus, after several crop failures at Culbertson, Nebraska, moved back to Iowa and lived for six years on the place where I now live. I spent several summers out here helping my uncle with the farm work.

My Father, you would say was "good looking," dark complected, probably 5'6" or 5'7" in height and compactly built with broad shoulders. In his later years he weighted 185 pounds. He had a pleasing personality, was jovial and enjoyed a good joke. While he was proud of Calvin's musical ability, he didn't think much of music as a profession. On the other hand, I'd always wanted to farm for a living since I was five years old; with that sort of kindred thinking, it was only natural that Father and I were pals and Calvin just gravitated in Mother's direction, making cakes and other household things of interest to him.

It was in 1906 that Father's health began to fail. After much doctoring, his illness was diagnosed as pernicious anemia. For this there was then no remedy and his condition worsened till the last several months he was bedfast.

With his illness, Father under went a sort of personality change. He and Calvin had more and greater differences, but his attitude toward me never changed. Every weekend when I came home after working for Uncle Ernest (when Father was bedfast) he'd ask me about the week's activities, how the crops were, etc.

Those were trying days for Mother, trying to keep peace between Father and Calvin, and answering the call bell upstairs, which Father rang many times a day. Working out here on the farm that last summer, I missed most of those difficult last days Father lived. I was at his bedside and it was my hand he held when he died, age 51 years in 1909. I was fourteen years old.

In 1910 Mother fulfilled a promise my Father had given my Uncle Ernest when he moved here from Culbertson Nebraska. We built a new house and barn. As a boy of fifteen, I helped dig the basement, hauled lumber from town, and even did a bit of lathing in the south west corner of the living room. The cement for the foundation was all mixed on the job with hoes and shovels, by hand by the masons. A far cry from the way it's done today.

The summer I was fifteen, I helped Uncle Ernest thresh by pitching oat bundles up to the bundle haulers on the hay-

racks. Living on a farm west of here (later the Agronomy farm) lived the Zumwalts. Their two boys were also in the field helping load empty wagons as they came to the oat field. I couldn't figure out, (for sometime) why they had time to rest between loads, while there was always an empty wagon waiting for me before I had a load topped out. Those Zumwalts were not taking their turns - loafing instead - and over working me. They must have kept up that strategy all their lives. They both died young, and as the saying goes, "never amounted to much".

A couple summers later, while on the threshing run we met two English boys, the Bradshaws. They were working for a dairy man, Copeland, who had gone to England an brought these two fine lads back to work for him. We asked the boys what Copeland was paying (the going wage then was $30.00 per month and board). They said $15.00 per month, on a diary farm mind you! These boys were "good workers". We told them they were being "jipped" - and should get a raise or quit. They got their raise. Bill, later married and farmed for himself and had a nice family. The brother was hurt when an auto ran into the back of the wagon he was riding and he became a life long cripple, with a back ailment.

Calvin graduated from high school in 1911. His music teacher, Miss Westerman of Drake University convinced him he should continue his studies at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass. So mother rented out the home at 722 Grand and the three of us went to Boston. My introduction to Boston was not what you'd call auspicious. As we left the train at the Boston station, my suitcase flew open spilling clothes all over the platform. We didn't know where to go, Mother spied a police man directing traffic in the street, under the noisy elevated railway. We'd been instructed (before leaving home) to "always ask a police man", so Mother did - asking for a "respectable" hotel. He referred us to the U.S. Hotel, where we took two rooms. Boy! It was "ritzy". When asked which plan we wanted, European or American, we said, "American," thinking that would be cheaper. It wasn't. One could order everything or anything on the menu. It was under the American plan, paid for - that night for dinner Calvin ordered about everything. I could hardly eat a bite, I was so homesick.

The next morning we went out to the Conservatory. The business manager asked us where we were staying and when we told him he said - we'd better move out of there, it was very expensive. We verified that when we paid our bill. We moved to a modest hotel near the Conservatory on Hemmingway where we stayed while renting and furnishing an apartment nearby at 143 Hemmingway.

I think one reason I hated Boston was the fact we lived in a small apartment, divorced from my out door way of living. More important was the fact that Calvin and I were always so

close together, "cooped up", you might say - and we just couldn't get along with each other. He had a violent temper, and after one particularly bad confrontation, I vowed to have as little to do with him as possible. So when Mother and he would go somewhere, I'd find some reason to be busy at home. So I never did get too well acqauinted with the city.

While in Boston I attended English High School and took violin lessons at the Conservatory. It kept me very busy. I really learned to study, and improve my violin playing. One year of Boston was too much. Mother and I stayed in Ames after that and Calvin went back to Boston for several years, doing graduate work in both piano and organ.

I finished my senior year of high school in the then new school on the east side of Clark Avenue, the first class to graduate there. (Our daughter Ruth also graduated there, in the last senior class that finished there.) I guess you could say I was prominent in activities, musical, orchestra, male quartet, chorus, - also played a violin solo for the senior class graduating exercises. Oh yes, I was the hero, and got the girl in the senior class play.

It was in my senior year in high school, I began to take notice of some of the girls, and maybe vice versa. I was invited to a party by a Meryl Rutherford (we called her Fuzzy because of her hair). It was at this party I saw a girl I'd never seen before. It seemed like every time I looked at her, she was looking at me, and we were soon introduced. Her name was Inez Cretsinger and she was a "stunner". She lived on Duff Avenue South of town about 1½ miles. We soon had an arrangement. She'd drive to church Sunday evenings, (I had no transportation) - I'd ride home with her after church, put the horse away and after a time I'd walk back to 722 Grand Avenue. I was really smitten. I had known Eloise Minkler for a long time. She ran with the Methodist Church group I ran with. When the junior-senior high school banquet came along, I couldn't take Inez (she was in a lower grade). I saw Eloise one noon in the hall way, wearing a neat pink and white checkered dress. She was putting on her rubbers when I asked, "Will you go to the junior-senior banquet with me?" She said, "Sure!" just like that. For the banquet she wore a pretty lacy dress - Eloise always had a wide smile and dimples, had a happy outlook on life. She was always making excellent fudge or divinity candy. But I was really intrigued with Inez, and went with her steady till toward the end of my freshman year in college, when I learned I had a rival in J. D. Sickler, a fellow classmate.

I had taken Inez to a track meet one spring day on Clyde Williams field, to be followed by a picnic on Squaw Creek, north of 6th Street. Some of my student friends had invited their girl friends in from as far away as Sioux City. As we were walking toward the picnic area, Inez suddenly said (without giving any reason), "I'm not going." I said, "Oh

yes you are!" She again said she wasn't. I walked back to town, and that was the last I spoke to her for years. She quit coming to the Methodist Church.

It was in 1957 as senator from Boone and Story County - I was in Boone to ride in the parade down town. As I was standing on the street corner, waiting for my car, here came Jesse and Inez Sickler. I hadn't seen Inez to speak to her since that day of the picnic in 1914 - forty-three years. We mended our friendship and we've visited each other several times. Inez is now a widow in San Diego. She has been here and I have been there to visit, a number of times. Inez is a devout Christian woman.

After that busted romance I guess I just played around for a year or two, until my junior year in college when I again became interested in Eloise. By this time she was playing around with a good looking, full of fun student by the name of Ben Morris. I don't know if he moved away, or graduated, but I finally had the field to myself, and again ate lots of fudge and divinity.

Eloise and I wrote to each other the second summer I was at the boys camp on east Okaboji lake, while I taught school in Whiting, and while I was in the army. She was a beautiful writer and kept me informed of the happenings in Ames.

I think "the clincher" that made me decide Eloise was the girl for me, occurred one Sunday morning. I was sitting in the back of the church, where I could see people come in the west entry way. In came Eloise with two little children, her niece and nephew, Lucille and Harold Vail. They were "really dressed" and "cute". Eloise had each one by the hand. A hen with two chicks couldn't begin to match Eloise in her care of these two little ones. I silently said to myself - "There's the mother of my children."

By this time it was just a question of when we became engaged and married. That occurred December 30, 1919. And what a mother, and helpmate Eloise proved to be through 45 years of married life.

The fall of 1913 found me a freshman attending Iowa State College. I stayed at home and carried my dinner in a tin lunch bucket such as those used by laborers in that day. I recall that the total cost of one sememster then, was $36.00 - that included my military uniform ($12.00), books and fees.

I can't say that I was a good student my first two years at I.S.C. I flunked "military" because I had one too many absences so I had to take a repeat in my sophmore year. This proved to be an advantage when I went to the army in 1918 for World War I. I knew my military fundamentals. Living in my home town, and at home it was only natural that I continued with the home town activities rather than those at the college. There was, however, a college literary society meeting weekly in the Ames library, where I learned Roberts' Rules of order and did some debating and public speaking.

I think it was in my junior year at twenty years of age, I had my first dealing with Dean C. F. Curtiss. He owned Rookwood farm - with pasture land joining our timber on the west and north. He sent a note to me in one of my classes in college that he wanted to see me in his office. I wondered what I had done wrong. When I got there he said he wanted to take me to the farm, so we got in his aircooled Franklin and drove out to the farm. This car was a four or five passenger, being air cooled, it had no radiator up front. So the hood instead of being built up with a radiator like most cars, sloped down toward the front of the car. It gave good road visibility that way but looked odd. He still didn't tell me what he wanted. He took me to the north line at the west end of the north division fence where the creek comes into our land and then out again. This fence was flat. The Dean said, "That fence is in a bad shape - how soon can you have your renter fix it up?" I said, "Dean, that's your fence!" I don't think either of us said a dozen words on that ride back to the campus. This was just the first of a number of differences we had with the Dean over the years. Yes, the Dean fixed the fence, but it was the source of trouble for years and years.

The summers of 1915 and 1916 were enjoyable ones spent at the State Boys' Y.M.C.A. camp on East Okaboji Lake. The first summer I was a "flunky" cook. The largest group of boys we had was one hundred and fifty. It was quite a task to fill that many stomachs with pancakes. We'd clean up the top of the big range, then one of us would ladle out the cakes till he had the entire stove covered. The other cook would follow, turning the cakes over. We became quite proficient at it. We didn't have prepared cake flour, but stirred it up from scratch. We'd scramble eggs by the case. The boys always peeled the potatoes and washed their own dishes. I decided I didn't like to cook. I still don't.

The next year I had a job, the envy of all the boys and supervisors in camp. I drove the thirty two foot launch. I'd go to Spirit Lake for groceries, mail and run the errands.

The second summer I was there, Eloise and Betty Kooser came up to the Inn on west Okaboji for a week's vacation. I was delighted when Harry Goodrich, the Y.M.C.A. secretary told me I could take the launch one Sunday afternoon to go see Eloise. Eloise "just happened" to be at Sioux Rapids in her sister's home the previous summer too, and she with the family drove up to the camp to see us.

As we went swimming twice a day in the lake our hair became a problem - so a group of us had our hair clipped off to the skin. I had no idea hair grew so slow. By fall it was less than an inch long. Never again! We looked terrible.

By the time I was a senior, I had begun to take more of an interests in activities at the college. I was in the college orchestra (playing viola). Went to Purdue University as a member of the debating team, for which I received a gold

A, incidentally we won the decision two to one. I joined the Men's Glee Club and sang with them till I got disgusted with the director. The director had a wonderful baritone voice, but he was a loud mouthed foul talker, always yelling at us. I knew I wouldn't enjoy going on tour with such a director, so I quit for that reason. My name doesn't appear under my picture in the glee club in the 1913 Bomb, but the name of Ambrose Elwell was substituted.

Ambrose Elwell was a good friend of mine. He had tried out for the glee club and was singing 1st tenor besides me. One day the director called him out, told him he had a "white" voice - that it just didn't blend with the others - so he was dismissed.

Ambrose was a nice little fellow from Des Moines where his father had a shoe store. The year he was a freshman he roomed with us at 722 Grand Ave. One day he was "packing" to go home for Christmans vacation, while I was putting some old clothes in a suitcase to go to Boone County farm, via the Interurban to Napier. I was going to help shingle the barn. While I wasn't looking Ambrose put several bricks in my suitcase. As soon as I picked up the suitcase I detected and removed the bricks.

Since every action must have an equal and opposite reaction, I took a Chemistry exam Ambrose had "flunked" and with blue pencil wrote on it, "Ambrose show this paper to your father", and put it under some clothes in his suitcase. When Ambrose unpacked at home he found the exam paper I'd "planted" and not wanting his parents to see it, he put it under his mattress. So far, so good - only he forgot to bring it back with him when he came to Ames. His mother found it and of course gave it to Ambrose's father as I had directed.

Naturally Mr. Elwell was very disappointed in Ambrose - not so much because he had failed the test - but he had neglected to show his father this test, as ordered by his instructor. Ambrose wouldn't write his father explaining the joke so Aunt Lizzie, needing shoes, went to Elwell Shoe Store in Des Moines and explained that I was the instructor who had written the instructions in blue and why I had done so. So everything turned out all right - finally - and we got the barn shingled.

Our class graduated in a time of uncertainty. World War I, and the draft made for a questionable outlook for everyone. I knew I couldn't start farming, so I decided I'd teach school till my number came up. I was hired at $100.00 per month by the Whiting, Iowa School Board. The placement group at the college didn't see why I was given that big a salary. I don't know either - they just offered it, I didn't ask for it.

I can still see mother standing on the front porch of 716 Grand, crying as I left for the depot and Whiting, Iowa with my suitcase in hand. She realized that her children were grown, and she was suddenly alone, and home now for her would never be the same.

Mother spent that winter in Fall River, Mass. where Calvin had a church organ position. I had a wonderful experience at Whiting - teaching Agriculture, Physics, and Manual Training. No trouble with discipline. On the school yard playing, the boys called me "Ringer" - inside the schoolhouse door - I was Mr. Ringgenberg.

Like any small community, there was not too much outside activity - a movie on Saturday night, cost 10¢. I think people wondered which teacher I was going to concentrate on, so I confused them. I always took three to the show. Or if we had a steak cookout at one of the Missouri River bayous, I'd go with three of them, always the same three.

Several Saturdays we took a group of boys to the bluffs about eight miles east of Whiting for an outing. One day while playing baseball on the school grounds, I collided with the catcher going after a fly ball. When I came "to" the boys were pumping water over my face. I had a nose going southeast and had a lost tooth. Several days later the doctor found my tooth - in the swollen cheek of the boy I'd hit. Rather recently I had that patched up tooth replaced - cost? $160.00. At that rate, think what I must be worth! To keep my sense of values in line, I decided I'd change dentists.

At the end of the school year I was asked if I was interested in the position of superintendent. Now I wasn't qualified for that job and I knew it, but I didn't tell them. I said, "My draft number is coming up shortly," and it did, the latter part of July 1918.

When school closed at Whiting, Mother and Calvin were still in Fall River, Mass. Since there was little (except Eloise) to keep me in Ames, I went east by train. From Chicago to Boston I rode the famous 20th Century Ltd. The cars were all Pullmans and we had fine meals in the dining car. This train really moved. Passengers were given a rebate on their tickets if the train arrived late at destination. We were in Fall River for a couple weeks, then came home together via a railroad that took us thru a portion of Southern Canada. At the border a government agent came aboard looking for draft dodgers. I though Calvin was going to be detained for he couldn't locate his draft classification card. He finally located it in his suitcase. We didn't stop in Ames, as the house was rented, so we spent the remaining weeks in Nebraska with relatives at Campbell.

It was a wild time the night Uncle Chris took me in his Ford Touring car to Hastings, where I took the train to Ames. All the relatives were there to bid me good bye...the little cousins were crying - saying - "They'll kill him." Mother was crying, some of the others had tears as they wrung my hand. I decided they must like me and were really concerned about my future. I spent my last day as a civilian in Ames, where I bid Eloise good-bye.

We Story County draftees reported in at the court house at Nevada and were entertained by an aged drummer and a man with a fife. I didn't know one could get so many different cadances out of a drum as that man did. We boarded our troop train and took a long slow trip to Camp Forrest, Georgia.

We rode all the way in day coaches with the windows open - it was beastly hot. Our food consisted mostly of "hand outs" at station platforms when the train would stop. The train never exceeded the 25 mile an hour speed limit imposed and as we had little to entertain ourselves with we'd find diversion by yelling every time we went thru a town. The resulting noise was the trade mark of troop trains.

We had a game we played at times, called "Hot Hand" but it was misnamed for it was a different part of the anatomy that got hot as the game progressed. One player, chosen as "it" stooped over, in the center of a circle. Then some one in the circle would slap "it" on the fanny. If "it" could guess who slapped him, then that person became "it". Some times "it" would be "it" for a long time. I played this game, and delivered some "hot ones" but I never got caught.

Our camp was built on one of the battle fields of the Civil War near Chattanooga, Tenn. and Lookout Mountain. It was hot August weather, and some of our boys, not used to much exercise or sultry hot weather really suffered. The water lines for this camp were laid just under ground so the water was lukewarm all the time. The Y.M.C.A. had ice water to drink and long lines would form for refreshing cold water.

Enough men had been shipped from Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas to make up five Engineering regiments of 1500 men each.

We hadn't been here long when one afternoon we were all marched in among the pine trees. We were told to disrobe, leaving our clothes by "our" tree, then line up for our "shots". Our orders were to run for our tree as soon as we had our injections. I soon knew why we were told to run - some of the men fainted before they got to their tree.

We had men keel over while standing at attention in the hot sun, but as the troops got into better physical condition, that soon stopped. One day we were lined up, single file and the major went down the line, carefully observing every one. Occasionally but not often he'd have a soldier step forward. When he was finished, the men he had selected were transferred to the depot brigade. It speaks well for the Midwest, that not many men were rejected.

When the weather began to cool, after basic training, we were shipped north to Camp Devens, Massachusetts, about thirty miles from Boston. Here our regiment, the 212th Engrs. was attached to the 12th Division. Some of the Infantry units in this division were regular army. Most every one in our outfit was a graduate of high school and a number were like myself; college graduates.

The pay was low - Private, $15,00 per month, Corporals $30.00 and Sergeants $54.00. I wasn't a private very long, going up the ranks to Sergeant 1st class and finally the Major pulled me out of Company B-4 and made me a Sergeant Major.

One afternoon I was drilling the second platoon of B company, when our Colonel came by and watched us for a time. Then he called me over and commended us on the fine job our platoon was doing. I went back and told the men what the Colonel had said--and then we really had snap and precision doing our formations.

I had a chance to go to Infantry Officers training camp prior to the promotion to Sgt. Major, but the company commanding officer said I'd get a battlefield commission if I stayed with the company, so I stayed.

I learned a lot in the army, road, trench, and bridge building. Took a course in topographical map sketching and surveyed a road - in addition to commanding our platoon at times during our drills. The fact is I had all the good things the army had to offer and very little of the bad that goes with war.

I hope these writings don't turn into a "brag session". I'd written somewhat sketchily about some of my experiences and Ruth and Marilyn both said, "Give us more details, that's the interesting part." So here are details on my topographical map sketching and surveying experience.

Our battalion was out on maneuvers one day, units stationed in strategic spots, etc. - when the Major asked me to make a topographical map of the area. "Major," I said, "I don't have any paper." "Go to the old depot, find a hand bill - anything." So I got an old cardboard bill, and on the back - mapped the area troop locations, contour lines, signed it and turned it in. That night I was called to battalion headquarters - the Major commended me on my map, but he said, "You left off the direction markers." I said, "Major, it was cloudy and I just didn't know the directions." So he showed me how to tell directions by using the sun, or his watch, and the time of day. He thought I was making a mistake, planning to go back to Iowa to farm.

I had had a course in Agricultural Engineering learning to use a surveyors transit and level, so it was easy to qualify as an Army Engineer surveyor. One day I was ordered to determine bench marks along a loop road some three miles in length. We started from a bench mark near camp, my rodman and I. When I was sighted in, the rodman called in the data and I recorded it in my field book. We made the loop but when I got back to my bench mark - the elevation was not the same as when I'd started out. The officer in charge told me to go over my figures - I think he expected me to "doctor" them or something but they always came out the same way, several feet "off". I don't know if the rodman read the wrong figures to me or if

I made a mistake putting them down. I just know that bench mark changed in elevation several feet while I surveyed three miles of hilly loop road.

Our advanced cadre had been sent to Europe in September, prior to our leaving too, when the flu hit our division. We lost quite a few men, one right next to me. Many were sick. Our replacements came from the Depot Brigade, mostly Eastern city men - and our company suffered from it. Then came the Armistice, and we filled in time.

I got a furlough to come home over Christmas. The trains were crowded with service men. I remember one service man had a bottle of whiskey. Some one grabbed it away from him, took a swallow and passed it along. The original owner, due to the crowded aisle never did catch up with his bottle. Calvin was home too on furlough. He was stationed at Jefferson barracks, Missouri in the Depot Brigade, where he had to chop wood and peel potatoes. I don't think he relished that kind of soldiering. He should have been tranferred to an entertainment group, where his musical talents could have been used. We were discharged from Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa in February, 1919.

PART II

I still wanted to farm, but the farm was rented to the Christoffersons, I had no machinery, was single, and just wasn't ready to settle down. I did spend quite a bit of time at 925 Burnett with Eloise. We Ringgenbergs bought our first family car, a Nash Touring car. Spent considerable time in Nebraska. I got engaged and made plans to start farming in 1920.

During the year we made some changes and improvements in our house, on the farm, cleaned, papered, installed a pipeless furnace, and my cousin Elmer Feis put in three gasoline mantel lights. Soon after, some of our neighbors had furnaces, and lights too.

Eloise and I were married December 30, 1919 at her parents' home in Ames, 925 Burnett. I still wondered at times how I was able to "beat out" Ben Morris. He was such a good looking vivacious person. Maybe Eloise's aunt helped me, without my knowledge. Eloise told me later that one day she was showing her aunt pictures of Ben Morris and me. Taking Ben's picture, the aunt said, "This one is better looking, but this one, (mine) looks better." That must have been a good sales talk.

Here again my writing has been criticized because I left out details of the wedding - and it really was an important event in my life. But first, lets go back to 1914 when Eloise had finished high school. That year she had planned to go to Cedar Falls to college - had her trunk bought (its still up in the attic). When it was time to leave, her parents told her they didn't have the money to send her. Eloise didn't become discouraged - she got a job in the "Style Shop", a ladies ready to wear store. From that time on, she paid her parents for her board and room. After several years, she became a bookkeeper for the Ames (now 1st) National Bank. With her own money, she bought her wedding dress and the costs of the wedding at her home - 925 Burnett.

Calvin that year was home over Christmas, as was Warren, Eloise's brother. Calvin was bragging that Eloise and I were not going to get away together after the wedding. So to throw him off the scent, Eloise and I together packed a "dummy suitcase" which I took to the depot and put into a locker. I put the key in my purse. While I was changing clothes for the wedding, Calvin got the key - ran to the depot - retrieved the suitcase, and hid it, saving me a dime. At the wedding he was bragging how he had ruined our plans for a get away. It was hard to look depressed the way things had gone, while inside we were really enjoying a good laugh.

Calvin took charge of the music for the wedding proper. The college days, YMCA quartet of Clarence Vetter, Gilbert Gunnerson, Ambrose Elwell and Calvin (standing in for me)

sang "O Perfect Love", a song from the Methodist Hymnal. Eloise came down the stairs and joined me in the south east corner of the front living room, under a spray of Bougain Villes (I had to look up the spelling of that one). Rev. F.C. Edwards was the minister. The leading caterer of the town, Henry Pepper, prepared the dinner which was served. For the life of me, I can remember just one thing that was served - olives. Eloise's younger sister, Mildred, who was eating at the table with brother Warren, found a worm in an olive. Saying nothing, she laid the olive on her suacer. When everyone had finished eating, Eloise's brother Warren, spied this olive, reached over, ate it, worm and all.

After a period of leisurely mingling with the guests, our prearranged plan of escape went into operation. Gilbert Gunnerson, unobserved, locked the front door. The back door was also taken care of - then Henry Pepper pulled the master light switch and in the ensuing darkness, Eloise and I slipped down the basement stairs and out thru the outside stair well. You can imagine the commotion we left in the darkened house. We ran north across two back lots, to the home of Mrs. Barber, who showed us to an upstairs room. By this time the doors at the Minkler home were opened with people rushing in all directions, looking for us. One car tore off for the depot, while Eloise and I were enjoying all that excitement from the vantage point of an open upstairs window.

Shortly after the first of the year we moved to the farm. I soon found that I had not moved into a neighborhood of well wishers. Dean Curtiss and Peter Christofferson had agreed (I discovered later) that when I made a failure of farming and had to sell out, the Dean would take the timber pasture and Christofferson would take the farmland. Somehow, that never happened.

I could hardly wait to get into the field that first spring. I recall seeding a field of oats. That night the ground froze, but I got out early with my disc the next morning and then sat up on the big hill waiting for the ground to thaw. I was green, and some people were ready to take advantage of my ignorance, like selling me a balky horse at a too high price. There was no hog tight fence on the south side of the road and as I wanted to raise hogs, fence building was one of my first jobs. I got into hog production, buying two Duroc sows. One sow always had nine and the other one ten pigs. They gave me several litters and my start in hogs.

My first oat crop, seeded to clover was a good one - sixty bushel per acre or better. The price from the threshing machine was 65¢ per bushel. Oats the previous year had brought $1.00 per bushel, so I put most of mine in the bin, waiting for the high price. I later sold those oats for thirty three or thirty five cents - to Dean Curtiss. My corn crop was only fair, and had to be husked by hand an ear at a time. I had never husked corn before to amount to anything and this was a

boring and tiring job. Dear Eloise boosted my morale by going out with me, day after day. We worked into December. Luckily the weather held late. The neighbors were about all through and I was sick of the job. I called Floyd Christofferson to see if he'd help me - he could husk one hundred bushel a day - Eloise and I together got about sixty. Floyd said yes, he'd help for 11¢ per bushel - so I didn't hire him. Eloise and I finally finished December 12th and as I couldn't get the last load in the crib, and could use some cash, I called the elevator for the price of corn, it was 12¢ per bushel.

Christoffersons did the threshing in our neighborhood, I was the last to thresh. The rule was (I don't know who made it) if you had thirty acres or less of oats, one man was provided, if more than thirty acres, two men were required. Well I had forty acres so I paid Willard Ringgenberg, a second cousin, $5.00 a day to go threshing with me. I had a lot of (at that time) high priced labor spread out on that run that I never got back. I never knew ahead of time just where my turn at threshing would come. I decided finally it was determined by how the time varied and the number of meals necessary to do the jobs, at the neighbors.

My first big year in hogs was a good one. They were raised on clean ground and we sold seventy Poland-Duroc crossed pigs. I was proud of them. We moved the old granery up from the road and built a hog house addition to it with ten farrowing stalls.

The previous winter we had to cut a number of trees in the timber where they were too thick, hauled the logs to a saw mill and had them sawed into dimension lumber. There was a barn on the back of the Minkler lot in town they wanted to sell, so George Christofferson and I bought it, sawed the sides into sections and divided it. We each built machine sheds from the barn. I used some of the native sawed lumber in both the machine shed and the hog house. A ten pen hog house in the early 1920's was rather unusual. My neighbor, Ez Brownfield, when he saw it said, "What you trying to do, bust the hog market?" Wonder what Ez would say today if he saw Randall Matson's hog rasing set up...30 farrowing stalls plus room outside for the over flow...and all raised and fattened under roofs.

Eloise was just as interested in the hog enterprise as was I. But she always counted the pigs too soon - right at farrowing. I waited till we castrated them. Eloise always helped me. Then the pigs were a week to ten days old and had a better chance to survive. One year I had ten sows that all farrowed within a week. For that time, that was quite a sight. By the late 1920's I had a goal of two hundred spring pigs and one hundred fall pigs. I never reached that goal unless it was 1934 when we had far too many hogs nation-wide.

A couple years after we moved here I got into Politics. I was elected Township Trustee. After that I was Township

clerk for many years. We had mud roads that were maintained by so-called "drags" drawn by 4 horses. We trustees purchased graders (light frames) with 12 ft. blades. These did a much better job, shaping and smoothing the road bed than "drags". We neighbors, on a volunteer basis got our roads graveled, hauling the gravel ourselves from a pit on college land where the new Veterinary College is located. A new schoolhouse was built, and we neighbors dug the basement and graded the yard.

Years later this school was closed and our children, Dorothy, Robert and Marilyn attended the Ames Public Schools on a tuition basis. When the school-house was sold, Floyd Christofferson and I bought the land; half going to Floyd and the west half reverting to me. The purchaser of the school was disgusted because we insisted he had to move the school. We didn't want that reworked school there to set the tone of the dwellings that might be built here in the future.

Floyd had some small hickory trees growing on his half he wanted removed as he wanted to farm an acreage of his pasture land. He hired someone to blast out his trees. Either his orders to the dynamiter were not explicit or were misunderstood, for before I knew it, two or three beautiful burr oak trees on our half of the school-yard had been dynamited, and preparations were under way to blast the last one, a tree at least four feet in diameter. If winning a law suit could have put those trees back up, we'd have gone to court... but we had to accept our loss. Just recently the last one of those mammouth oaks was lost in a violent wind storm.

Daughter Ruth was born in 1921. I'll never forget the first night she and Eloise came home from the hospital. Ruth had the colic. So I rocked this poor crying baby, holding a hot water bottle on her little tummy till midnight. That was quite an introduction to fatherhood. I don't recall any of the other children making such an entry into our home.

It was the summer of 1924, I think, that Ruth was just not feeling well. The doctor couldn't find out the source of the trouble. I was by this time cultivating corn with a two row cultivator, powered by four horses. We decided lots of sunshine would be good for Ruth. I put a box, probably two and one half feet by three feet, on the cultivator frame in front of me and Ruth would go with me day after day while I cultivated corn. She was good company for me. When she tired of riding, she'd sleep or go play in the corn rows, till she was ready to ride again. I never knew that a blond could become so brown, but Ruth did.

The sun didn't perform any miracles but another trip to the doctor finally did. He discovered an abscess in her throat which he promptly lanced, and our Ruth made a quick recovery. Ruth's box riding experience is just one of many memories, it is a pleasure to recall.

I think it was in 1922 that one of our most rewarding associations began. I had sung in the Methodist choir since

1913, mostly with volunteer groups. The music committee decided they wanted a more reliable group so they hired (at $2.00 each per Sunday) Mate Sunderlin, Betty Turner, Bob Clark and I to sing with Edna Wygant at the organ.

Prior to our first evening of practice I had been "dipping sheep", and there goes with that task a strong odor of lime sulphur that stays with you. Mate Sunderlin, the soprano, didn't say anything at the time, but later after we were better acquainted (and I'd lost the dip smell) she said she was about ready to resign that first night of practice.

Betty Turner in the beginning thought she should have been made director instead of Bob Clark. At one of our early practices, she jumped on me for singing too loud. "I've got the air," I said. "Take your air out doors," she replied. I almost did!

We finally all assumed our proper roles and got on famously. We sang together for five years and in that time had a wonderful association.

A. W. Turner and Harold Sunderlin were both Ag Engineer instructors. One Sudnay we were having a get together at our place and were making homemade ice cream. The two engineers put a pulley on the freezer and powered it by a belt driven on the rear wheel hub cap of Turner's "jacked up" car. They did more work, to get out of work, than the work itself. But it was fun.

Ruth being the only child in our group, was everybody's darling. She always stayed with Eloise during church service. As soon as she learned to walk, when the last response was sung, Ruth would toddle down the north aisle of the church and up to the choir loft. There she was welcomed by the entire quartet. Strangers wondered whose child she really was. The husbands and wives all together, made lasting friendships and we had get togethers years later. Some twenty years after we disbanded we recorded three numbers we used to sing.

At one time or another, Tolbert Mc Crae had us each do solo parts in the Messiah with the college festival chorus. All except I, did a very creditable job. I always told Mc Crae "I couldn't sing that 'stuff' - it was too 'showy off'". After the second time, I think he agreed with me.

I did, however, do the tenor solos in the Crucifiction for Mc Crae with the college chorus several times, and I think creditably. That was more like my kind of music.

WOI Radio had not been on the air too long about this time with "Andy" Wolfries as announcer. He got our singing group to put on sacred concerts of quartets and solos. Radio being rather new then, fan mail was sent in after our programs. Our fan mail was given to daughter Ruth, by Bob Clark in his later years. I think she still has it. Having lots of relatives in Iowa, I got the most.

It was in the late 1920's, Tolbert Mc Crae put on the opera "Bohemian Girl" in the old football stadium. I had a

small solo part. It went so well that it was decided to have a repeat performance in KRNT Theatre, Des Moines at the annual Farm Bureau Convention. This was an all farm cast, made up of many county farm bureau singing groups. It didn't go too well I thought. The music critics were kind to us though. They didn't mention us in any of the papers.

I suppose I should recall several incidents which took place in the 1920's with the owner of Rookwood Farm, Dean Curtiss. Starting out I had no hogs. The Dean was having disease problems raising his Berkshires. One spring he offered to loan me a Berkshire sow, about to farrow. I was to raise the pigs and sell them back to him at market price. This was the first sow Eloise and I had ever seen farrow, so Eloise and I were up on the hay in the hay mow, looking down at these little turned up nosed piglets make their earthly entry.

After these pigs were weaned, I told Jim Berry I'd drive Rookwood Belle home. He said, "No, he'd get her, as the weather was hot." I had Belle in the lot north of the barn. On the west side of the wind break I had a bunch of gilts with a Duroc boar. I told Jim he'd better get this sow home as I had this boar, and you know boars.

Jim finally got Rookwood Belle. That fall I was at the Agronomy Farm visiting with Elmer Reed the superintendent of the farm. He showed me a fine litter of red and black pigs only a few days old. I asked him where he got them and he said from Rookwood Farm. Somehow that Duroc boar got thru wind break, two fences, had his rendezvous with Rookwood Belle, and back out again, and I never knew it. The Dean told his man Jim Berry to kill the pigs, but he gave them to Reed, who raised and sold them. Neither the Dean nor I ever spoke of the incident.

It was in the 1920s that state-wide testing of cattle for tuberculosis was begun. In Cedar county, the governor had to call out the National Guard to protect the Vet doctors while enforcing the law. Our test showed we had one reactor which we marketed. After that our herd tested clean.

When Curtiss' pure bred Shorthorns were tested, some of his best individuals were reactors. Rather than lose these fine blood lines, he separated the tubercular cows and one bull from his "clean" herd. He did that by keeping them in a pasture east of the interurban tracks, but adjoining the Brownfield and Christofferson pastures as well as our own. In a short time the Dean's bull learned to jump the fence and cohabit with our clean cows. When I objected to this to the Dean, telling him we had a clean herd, and I didn't want my children drinking milk from tubercular cows, all he'd reply was "You'll get good calves, you'll get good calves." Many times when I brought our cows up at night, that white bull would be with them. Once or twice I helped him find his way home with a dose of bird shot from Uncle Phil's shot gun.

One winter day, that bull got lonely for our cows that were in the lot by the barn. There was snow on the ground. I decided to show him "the way to go home". Got the shot gun, some bird shot shells, got on Floss, a bay mare, and chased the bull north. I speeded him up with a shot. It so scared Floss she reared and bucked so I had to drop the gun to control the horse. Then I got the gun, reloaded, took off after Mr. Bull and gave him another blast. A strange thing happened. About six inches of the end of that gun barrel opened up and curled back like a lily. Some snow had gotten into the barrel when it fell, and I'd forgotten (or didn't know enough) to check it. I had to cut off the damaged end of the barrel. I learned something from that experience, but the bull didn't.

The following spring when we put our cows out to pasture, there came Mr. bull. This time I didn't drive him back. I brought him up with the cows, put the cows in the barn, and drove the bull west to the pasture where the Dean had his "clean" cows, opened the gate and turned him in. That was the end. On Saturday that bull was on his way to the Chicago stock yards. I never told the Dean what I'd done, but I guess he didn't want any "good calves."

Our daughter Dorothy was born August 1st, 1927. We were threshing at our place when I took Eloise to the hospital. Ruth Plagmann, Mabel, and Dora Christofferson took over in the kitchen, and served the meals. The threshing went on even though I spent my time in the hospital with Eloise who was having a difficult time.

I know doctors now would not wait so long - give so much cator oil and (I believe) quinine to reinduce labor. I think it was the third day my neighbor Ez Brownfied said, "That baby's got to come today." I guess the doctor agreed. When he determined the baby's head was tipped up and back instead of forward and down, he was able to use forceps to make the proper change so the delivery could take place. I've wondered many times if this difficult delivery could have in some way have strained certain ligaments which caused Dorothy to later develop a pituitary brain tumor, causing her death.

About 1928-29 the matter of mud roads versus paved roads came to the fore. The question was, "Should the several counties bond themselves for the purpose of paving the primary roads in the counties?" The bonds were to be retired by state revenue from gas taxes and license fees. A contingent in the county led by then Senator Skromme of Roland led the opposition, while various people in the cities were in favor. The "antis" were holding a meeting in the Ames city park one evening. Some Ames folks, Clay Stafford among them, asked me if I'd speak in favor of paving. I said I would. We got there ahead of the opposition so spoke first. Everyone was polite and attentive while I spoke. Such was not the case when the "antis" presented their case. Rude heckling prevented the speakers from being heard. I stood it as long as

I could and got up to speak again. Everybody got quiet. I reminded the crowd that when I spoke, everyone including the opposition was quiet and courteous; we should be the same for them; that I was ashamed of the actions of the Ames group and was going home. Years after, when I ran for the Legislature, someone in Roland area reminded me of that meeting in the park and what I had said then. Guess it gave me some democrat votes when I needed them.

I had joined the Ames Rotary Club in the late 1920's and was president in 1930. Then the stock market really hit bottom. That year, the International Convention of Rotary was held in Vienna, Austria. One of the board members one night moved (jokingly) that the club send me to the convention in Vienna, Austria with all expenses paid - as far as Marshalltown. The stock market crash took everything else with it, banks closed, hogs went to 2½¢ per pound, eggs to 6¢ per dozen. Corn went as low as 10¢ per bushel - many farmers used it for fuel. My family needed money worse than I needed Rotary so I had to drop out. I think it was the latter part of 1929 or early 1930 that Prof. Wilkins said to me, "You must have had a pretty good year. You got electricity, a new manure spreader, and a son Robert all in one year." It was an International Spreader - it would take much longer to list Bob's pedigree.

1930 was the first time I had any experience with tractor farming. E. V. Collins of the Agricultural Engineering Department of then Iowa State College, put a six cylinder Graham Page auto engine into a Farmall tractor chasis. This gave the tractor (a four cylinder job) far more power and speed if we wanted it. Christoffersons and I had the use of that tractor. When the frost came out of the ground in February we did all our plowing, keeping that tractor going, day and night. Later that summer, it was used to power Christofferson's threshing machine. This showed that even in 1930 we were ready for more power. Just look at the giants farmers use today. It was 1942 before I saw fit to give up horse farming. It was a sad day - I saw my horses trucked down the road. I had raised every one of them. When I drove my Massey Harris 30 home from Kelley, it was really all mine. I'd paid cash for it.

I wonder if today, our society would have the stamina and the courage to endure economic conditions as they prevailed in the early 1930's. Unemployment, soup lines in the cities, drought, ruinously low prices, farm foreclosures on the farms. The Federal Government began to take steps to get money into the hands of the people by such programs as the National Recovery Act, WPA and AAA. I recall giving a little talk on the NRA in the Kelley gymnasium.

When the Agricultural Adjustment Act was put into operation, Fred Randau and I were asked to explain its provisions and workings to the Washington Township farmers. The

meetings were held in our local Oakwood School. It was jammed with farmers. Later when the township election of officers was held I was surprised when not Fred Randau, but I, was named Township Chairman. All the Township Chairmen of the county were called into Nevada to elect a County Committee of five members. I was really surprised when I was elected to that board. Those chosen were Tom Lundy of Zearing, Carl Baldus of Story City, Earl McCord of Collins, Orville Nelson of Shipley, and myself. I'm sure it was Tom Lundy who began beating the drum for me that I should run for the Legislature in 1950.

The AAA was a complex program. Farmers signed contracts to reduce hog numbers, and corn acres. It was easy to check on the previous year's acres of corn, but arriving at the correct numbers of hogs was a different matter. Story county, and every other county was given an allotment of a certain number of hogs - this allotment to be divided between over 1800 farmers of the county on the basis of the number they had raised and marketed the previous year. In many cases it was difficult to determine the fair and honest number of hogs some farmers had really raised and marketed. Some had few or no records of sales. I'm sure we took hogs from some who really were entitled to them, and a few farmers got hogs they should not have been credited with. When we got within a couple thousand of our county hog quota, we called the state committee and told them that was the best we could do. We were told that was close enough, so the figures were sent to Washington, and eventually the farmers' checks began to arrive.

It was a "moving" sight to see the farmers, some with their entire families come to Nevada for their checks so they could purchase needed supplies. You see we not only had low commodity prices in 1934 - some parts of the county had low crop yields as well. For example, in the spring I had sown about 100 bushel of good seed oats. At threshing time we threshed Floyd and George Christofferson's and our oat crop- all in one afternoon. I got about one hundred bushel by weight, of light chaffy oats, and very little straw.

We committee men were paid $4.00 a day. Course I had to hire the work done here at home and so we had to have an extra man in the home. Anor Hankins was a good worker. I'm sure the $50.00 per month he earned and his father got, kept his family in food.

Having "an extra" in the home, especially a home as small as ours was disruptive. I missed being home with the family, and the farm work too. Eloise was very happy when I decided not to run for re-election to the county committee again. All the other members were re-elected. I liked farming better than office work.

It was in these years of low prices, that Eloise was hospitalized with a severe mastoid infection. In those days only a delicate operation could cure it. Penicillin had not

been perfected. Dr. Budge, a wonderful person as well as a good physician, had Dr. Updegraff of Boone perform the operation, which was successful. Dr. Updegraff charged $300.00 for the operation, an outrageous price considering the economic condition. Dr. Budge tried to get him to reduce his fee, but he refused. Dr. Budge never asked Updegraff to perform another operation. It took me a long time, but we finally paid the bill in full.

In the meantime Bob was growing and soon became my pal doing chores. He had his own water bucket, and a fork, (handle sawed off) so he was a great help, especially for my morale. One evening we were choring about the barn together. I had bought Bob a straw hat (like mine) for 10¢. He was very proud of his hat, but had a habit of taking it off and leaving it somewhere. This time he had put it on a fence post south of the house. I chanced to see our nurse goat (for lambs) standing on her hind legs eating something on the fence post. About the same time, Bob saw the tragedy too. We had a heart broken little chore boy, and a partially devoured 10¢ straw hat. I have related that incident many times since then, and for years it never failed to bring tears to the eyes of the owner of that little straw hat.

So often these days I hear young folks in high school and even in college say they can't decide what their life work should be. I never had any such problem. I knew when I was in the first grade (1900) I wanted to be a farmer. I don't think I ever heard Bob wavering as to his life's profession. Do you suppose that little water bucket and that sawed off three tined fork started his farming career?

I wish Eloise were here beside me as I try to jot down some of our family happenings. I'm sure they'd be in better sequence, more accurate in substance, and more complete. And we wouldn't have any serious disagreements either. That was especially true when it came to the rearing of our children. In matters of discipline, we always "backed each other up". I can recall just one time I went against Eloise's good judgement and that had nothing to do with child rearing. We had purchased the Nevada farm and it had an erosion problem that needed a dam to stop it. We could place the dam so we'd simply stop the erosion, or locate it so we'd have a lake also. Eloise voted against the lake, thinking of the danger to future grandchildren. We got the lake however, and Eloise too had a lot of enjoyment fishing there. She could catch more fish with just a line over the side of the boat than I could with more expensive tackle.

After my year on the County AAA Committee, I concentrated on my farm work. Over the years, I'd been township trustee, township clerk and member of our township school board. It was in the later 1930's I was elected to the County School Board of Education - a position I held for sixteen years. It was our aim to close the last of the one-room rural schools

and then combine the remaining districts into larger more efficient units. This has been a long process. We spoke to PTAs over the county, and some changes were made. But here, forty years later, due to declining enrollments still more closings and consolidations are inevitable. Here again I was able to meet people over the county.

For years I had sung in the Methodist church choir, starting in 1913 when a senior in high school, in our volunteer choir. I also sang starting in the 1920s in mixed quartets, the best one consisted of Betty Turner, Matie Sunderlin and Bob Clark. After four or five years, when Betty and Matie moved away, the lady members changed. I recall Mrs. Hesse, Mrs. Grant, Stella Sills, Florence Young, and Jeanette Knapp Stoddard. With changing personnel, our work suffered, and I didn't have the enthusiasm or interest I had with our first group of 4. All these years, Dorothy Giebelstein played the organ--a period of over twenty five years. I think it was in 1936 and 1937 that I directed the volunteer choir. We had on the average about 16, except for Easter and Christmas when we'd have over twenty members. I can recall names such as D. Wymore, M. G. Spangler, Maxwell Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Needham, Margaret Kooser, Gretchen Young, Mrs. Dillon and daughter. I think daughter Ruth sang too, at least part of the time. Vera Wymore reminded me the other night that in 1936 the choir met here in our home (something special I guess). Vera says she wasn't invited. I'd not make that over sight now.

Over the years, that creek fence on the north line of the timber pasture between the Dean and I was a constant source of irritation for Dean Curtiss and for me. One summer I was surprised to learn that he had cut a new channel on his land for the creek, doing away with the ox bow which brought the creek into and out of our property. He had placed a 12" culvert through the dam which diverted the water into his newly cut channel, thinking that would provide us with sufficient water. It didn't. His new channel cut deep enough to take all the run off, leaving the old channel on our property dry. I had told him if he "stole" my creek I'd get an injunction forcing him to put that creek back into its original channel, and that's what finally happened.

Farm prices had picked up from the early 1930s. I was still concentrating on hogs--two farrowings, spring and fall. I started to feed cattle. I remember the first batch of Hereford heifer calves I bought at the Story City sale barn--twenty five of them for $6.25 per hundred weight. When the trucker, Harvey Kyle, unloaded them he said, "My they would have looked awful good at $6.15". He thought I'd paid a dime too much. I wonder what Harvey would say these days with calves selling in the price range of $70-75.00 per hundred.

We ground ear corn with a five horse Rock Island gas engine--fed them with a bushel basket--finally sold them in Chicago for just over $9.00 per hundred. My son Bob's cattle

feeding operation really puts me to shame. In hogs, my goal, which I never reached unless it was 1934, was three hundred hogs--two hundred in the spring, 100 in the fall. Here too my son-in-law with his all confinement set up, out classed me.

But for that day, with no mechanization, I ran a pretty fair sized hog operation. I had quit milking five cows and put that time on hogs. Farming with horses is slower and more time consuming. We didn't buy our fuel as did tractor farmers. We raised it. We didn't turn on our power with a key--we fed, harnessed, cleaned the barn and hitched, before we were ready for field work. I did increase my efficiency by getting a 10 foot disc (instead of the usual 8 foot) using five horses on it instead of four. Even in horse farming we were using more power for greater efficiency, often six horses on a gang plow.

I think I was probably one of the last of the farmers in the neighborhood to change to tractor farming, and then I didn't go all the way. I kept one team. It was a difficult job deciding which two horses I should keep and which ones had to go. I had raised them all.

Two mares (Percheron) were sired by the famous college owned Julep. The longer I had the tractor the less I used that team of horses, till finally all they were used for was planting corn and mowing the road side ditches. Once in a while C. N. Brown, Superintendent of the Agronomy farm would borrow them.

With nothing to do, the horses got into mischief, tramping down lot fences, and finally chewing on a good wagon box. That was the end. I sold them to be delivered to the packing plant in Rockford, Illinois. A few days later Brown came to borrow them. When I told him where they'd gone, he said he'd have been glad to have taken them permanently. Too bad, they were a nice team.

We bought our first Chevrolet in 1937, trading in our 1929 Nash sedan. Then we bought it back, using the chassis for a wagon box trailer, and the body for a "play house" for our children. We started on a trip to Colorado the same day we took delivery of the 1937 car. I think I'd be reluctant to do such a thing these days--too many "bugs" in new cars now.

We took this trip west shortly before Marilyn was born, and in the higher altitudes, Eloise was having trouble breathing for two. On these trips, Eloise prepared many of our meals, leaving home with a goodly supply of food. One night we stopped at a motel in Chamberlin, South Dakota. The next morning when we packed our food preparatory for leaving, we found a brown cake Eloise had made, covered with ants. Tragic! Our noon meals we ate mostly by the road side or park if one were available. These were wonderful vacations, economical too.

One trip west, we left little Marilyn with Eloise's sister, Estella, and she amused the threshers at dinner by answering

their repeated question, "Where are your folks?" with, "My Mama and Daddy gone to Stone Park." Her information was correct, she just left out the "Yellow".

The following years were years of tragedy and deep loss. Lucile, my brother Calvin's wife, died in St. Louis in 1939.

My Mother who had resided at 716 Grand Avenue died in 1941, aged seventy seven. She had not been strong for several years due to a heart condition, but she was independent. She resented it when we got Mrs. Young to stay with her, and that arrangement was of short duration. I was fourteen and Calvin two and one half years older when Father died, and Mother took care of the family finances until we boys reached twenty-one years of age. She was a conservative spender when it came to things she considered to be unimportant, such as football games. But there was always money for clothes, good food, music lessons (yes, and even a few painting lessons). She contributed to the "final payments" on the First Methodist church building debt, several times. A committee would solicit cash and pledges, and somehow enough pledges never got paid so the process had to be repeated several times. Mother always paid cash.

By the standards of that day, a musical education in Boston was expensive and somehow mother always managed to make income equal out go. We never had a car till after World War I. Then I wanted to buy a Ford roadster, but mother said, "No, we've been without a car so long, now let's get a good one." Somehow she couldn't see that the home life we'd had was soon to be drastically changed. So the three of us, Mother,Calvin and I, bought a Nash touring car. Soon after, Calvin got a music position in Jamestown, North Dakota, I became engaged, and was going to start farming, so our car partnership broke up. We traded the partnership car for a Nash roadster for Calvin, and a Nash chummy, a five seated car for me. I should have bought the Ford. I had too much money invested in an automobile. I borrowed $2500.00 of Mother in 1920. That old note is still in the tin box--covered with notations. "Interest paid" --replaced with another note when there was no more writing space.

We'd go to see Mother when we went to town, leaving produce, or the children. She loved to "baby sit". When we had a lot of cherries Mother would come help with the canning. But she was not about to become dependent on her children. She always had a couple teachers room with her, giving her company and spending money too. She lived in her own home till the very last. I think my duaghter Ruth inherited some of Mother's conservatism and self-reliance.

Our daughter Dorothy, after a long illness with a pituitary brain tumor, died in 1943. She had undergone brain surgery in Rochester, Minnesota and X-ray treatments in Des Moines but everything failed. Her's was a tragic loss for the whole family.

In the meantime, World War II was in progress. Randy had been wounded. Eloise's diary says it was March 8, 1944 that daughter Ruth got a letter from Randy (but written by someone else)"that he had been wounded." "Must be his right arm, for someone had to write for him."

April 21, 1944 Ruth and Mrs. Maxheimer left for Springfield, Missouri to see Randy before he was tranferred to a hospital near Battle Creek, Michigan. These were anxious days for all, especially for Ruth.

A July 4th, 1944, notation from Eloise's diary says, "Randy writes with his right hand now and is about ready to be fitted with his artificial leg." "Ruth and Eloise have been canning bing cherries and apricots--and sharing the results. July 25th a shower for Ruth at Dora Christofferson's. August 1st another shower for Ruth by Dorothy Giebelstein and Laura Knapp. Harold Giebelstein, Bob and Carl wearing aprons, served ice cream."

After he had finished his college education, Randall secured a job in Indiana managing a farm for a rich Chicagoan. This was not very satisfactory. When I asked Randall if he could be content farming eighty acres of land, he said he could. So we sold the west half of the timber pasture with that exasperating creek, and with what money we'd saved, bought the eighty acres where Ruth and Randall lived till 1978. Randall just had too much ambition to be content on just eighty acres very long for he has over the years expanded his farming operation to eight or nine hundred acres, quit his poultry venture and is raising in confinement, probably two thousand hogs a year. In addition, he has a beef cow herd.

During a high wind in 1944, my shacky corn crib blew down. Due to the war, everything was rationed. After a lot of red tape we received permission to build a new crib, which we still use today. It is of curved rafter construction and Eloise and I built the rafters. When I told Carrol Twedt our carpenter, that we had built the rafters ourselves, he was afraid of our quality. After they were up he said they were the most uniform of any he'd ever used. He also said I'd never raise enough corn on this place to fill that crib, but thanks to hybrid corn and commercial fertilizer, we had over flow piles several times.

Rafter construction was just one of the many many times Eloise would leave her household duties to give me a helping hand. For years she would help me castrate little pigs, seven to ten days of age, move the sows and pigs to pasture. Come market time she would help drive and sort them too. One item in her 1943 diary states "sorted twenty-six pigs to sell, weight three hundred forty pounds at $14.15." One thing Eloise never learned to do--was milk a cow.

We had no air-conditioning in 1943. One hot sultry night we took mattresses off our beds and spread them on the dining

room floor in the hope of getting a bit of moving air. We had barely gotten to sleep when we were wakened by an explosion in our gas stove. We had discarded the Majestic range Mother had given us for a wedding present ($125.00) and put in Mother's bottle gas stove. The burner in the warming oven, where Eloise stored extra pans had been jarred just enough that gas had seeped in. No air movement allowed the gas to build up until it reached the pilot light up above. The resulting boom, with the clatter of slamming oven doors, gave us a start that made it impossible to sleep for a long time. I wired that valve closed so we never had a repeat of that experience.

In 1943, as usual, we had lots of strawberries. Eloise's diary tells of selling Laura Knapp and Florence Young twenty five quarts, and Blacks thirty eight quarts, at 29¢ per box. This was the year Ruth graduated from I.S.C.--signed a contract to teach at Milford school and bought a used Oldsmobile from Dunlaps for $675.00.

I didn't have our tractor very long before Bob was driving it and so did Ruth, and at times they would help with field work, discing, etc. During these war years, food production was essential to our allies as well as us. With German U boats sinking many freighters much food never reached it destination.

Getting rid of all but two horses made barn room available for poultry, so we doubled our hen laying capacity. This called for an added brooder house and more baby chicks. One morning we were dismayed to find that foxes had made a raid on our half-grown Leghorns. We picked up buckets full of chickens that the foxes had nipped just behing the wings, crushing the ribs and killing the chicks. After that, every night, someone had to close those brooder house doors, and open them in the morning.

We were happy when we learned that Ruth and Randy were coming back to Iowa to live. It was about this time we sold the west half of the timber pasture to G. W. Fox for $6400.00 enabling us to pay cash ($252.00 per acre) for eighty acres which Randy later called "B.A." (for Belly Acheres). They'd lived there for years. The place now does not look at all like it did when we bought it in the spring of 1947. Randall added a large hog farrowing and feeding unit, several years later.

The year 1948 was spent fixing up and painting buildings at "B.A.". I distinctly recall how we boosted the bathtub through the north upstairs window of the house using the manure loader on the tractor.

On September 18, 1948, Harpers invited Plagmans, Eloise and I to go to Dexter, Iowa, where we heard Truman give his famous speech, how farmers, "had been jabbed with a pitch fork in the back," by Republicans. Then we drove to Winterset and spent the night and Sunday with R. J. Smiths.

Not having Eloise's diary for reference, I can not remember any unusual happenings for the year 1949. Incidents the year 1950 however changed our way of life to a considerable degree for the next ten years. This was the year of the June Primaries. When the candidates for public office both state and local were held, two candidates for state representative from Story county, Chas Everett, and Loise Holler had announced for that office in January. It was the last of February or the first of March that Tom Lundy began to put pressure on me to run for that office. I don't know how he did it, but he got others over the county supporting my candidacy.

Eloise didn't want me to run or have...anything to do with that "den of iniquity" in Des Moines. When I did consent under pressure to run, Eloise wouldn't let me stay home. I was a poor campaigner. Eloise said, "Now that I'd decided to run she wasn't going to have any woman beat me!"

It was a rather hot race. The Ames Tribune editor was supporting Lois Holler, while the Nevada Journal backed me; also various other people in Ames--Seaman Knapp and the Thomas Irvines, to name a few. We won the primary as well as the election in the fall. My work on the AAA committee in 1934, my contacts on the county school board for sixteen years all seemed to help my election. Some folks from the Roland area even remembered our paving talk of 1929 in the Ames park and our objection to the heckling of anti-paving speakers. I know the Plagmans changed their party affiliation to Republican in the primary, so they could vote for me. With loyalty like that, how could I lose?

After our election victory, our energies were directed toward finishing the farm work and preparing for living in Des Moines during the legislative session. We planned on living in Des Moines the five days the Legislature was in session each week, so we reserved a room at the Savory Hotel. Tom Eatwell, an employee at the Agronomy, agreed to do our chores while we were away. Bob went to the YMCA dormitory at Iowa State to live and Marilyn stayed with Ruth and Randall. We moved to Des Moines, January 8th, 1951. After all our preparation and planning I "goofed." On the way down Eloise asked, "Do you have your billfold?" I didn't even feel for it! I'd left it on the dresser at home. So I had to live on Eloise's pocket-book that first week.

I was well satisfied with the committees assignment to me by the speaker. It was a busy time, meeting members, learning names, and legislative procedures. Eloise soon met a number of Legislator's wives, and she had a "ball" the whole time with them. She developed friendships that lasted for years.

In 1951 the news of the legislative session was not covered by the papers as it is today. We started writing a short article each week about some event dealing with the legislature. The Ames Tribune and Nevada Journal printed

Not having kept a diary for reference, I can not remember any unusual happenings for the year 1949. Incidents the year 1950 however changed our way of life to a considerable degree for the next two years. This was the year of the June Primaries. When the candidates filed for public office both state and local [illegible], two candidates for state representative from [illegible] County, Chet Garrett, and Jake Heller had announced for that office in January. It was the last of February or first of March that [illegible] began to put pressure on me to run for this office. I don't know how he did it, but he got others over the county supporting my candidacy.

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We did find much of the legislative session was not covered by the papers as it is today. We started writing a weekly article back home about some event dealing with the legislature. The Ames Tribune and Nevada Journal printed all these articles. Eloise clipped these articles and saved them in one of the books she made up of political and legislative events.

Eloise's diary of February 23, 1951 reads as follows - "Went out to the House with Carl this A.M. We met Ruth, Randy and Lee there. Carl won his first debate on the House floor, against an insurance bill. He made a very 'convincing' speech." I must tell you in some detail about this Insurance Agents' bill for it shows how lobbyists work with, and on Legislators. Fred Schwengel (who later was elected to Congress) and Jack Schroeder sponsored this bill. I had read this bill and didn't like it. I made the mistake of telling Fred Schwengel so. When that bill came up for action on Friday, Schwengel moved that the bill be deferred till the following Monday morning. That weekend, at home I found out why Schwengel had that bill deferred. A delegation called by the Insurance lobbyist, made up of insurance agents, S. A. Knapp, Earl Holtz and Waldo McDowell wanted to see me; so I met them taking my "Bill Book" along. They wanted to know of my objections, so I read them the bill explaining why I opposed it. When I finished, Waldo McDowell said he didn't want the--- thing either.

On Monday, when the House took up the bill, I explained what had happened at home, and went through the bill just as I had with my friends. When I finished, I saw the insurance lobbyist dash for the phone booth (I found out later) to verify my story. Clifford Strawman moved we lay the bill on the table, the motion carried, and Schwengel's bill was a dead duck.

I hope I'm not bragging when I say I never spoke very often on the House floor, but the Speaker never had to rap his gavel for order and quiet, when I did try to speak.

I keep telling Ruth Matson, this script is becoming far too long. She insists that the incidents related are what are interesting. So I'll tell you of one more incident that happened in the 1951 Legislature.

It had to do with legalizing colored oleo. That bill had been batted around-taken up, debated-deferred-so often. Every time oleo was mentioned, it made headlines in the Des Moines Register. I was getting disguisted.

One Friday moring Eloise went to the House with me. I sat down and wrote a little speech, about two minutes long and showed it to Eloise. She said, "I'd give it," so I did. I found fault with both sides of the "oleo" controversy, and by analogy suggested we were not measuring up to our responsibilities.

Almost immediately we adjourned. Nobody would speak to me. That night we went to the Ames High School basketball game. A high school student (Cooper) came to our side and said, "I want to shake your hand and congratulate you for the speech you made on the House floor." "KRNT broadcast it on

the 6:00 P.M. news!" That was a surprise to me.

By Monday, I guess folks had gotten over their "mad". Not too long after that we passed the "colored oleo" bill.

At the end of the session, I was surprised at being appointed to the Council of States Government. I even had to inquire what that was. It was an interim committee of Iowa legislators who met with similar committees from other states, working for passage of uniform state laws. I attended such a meeting in Duluth, Minnesota, going up by bus.

That summer Eloise, Bob, Marilyn and I took an extended trip east, visiting such places as Washington, Williamsburg, Mt. Vernon and Monticello (Jefferson's home). We also visited a bit with Betty Turner. A. W. Turner was in the hospital with a terminal illness. He passed away later that year.

We bought our first television in 1951, black and white. One night we went to see a moving picture "shot" in our neighborhood, the summer of 1950. It was about corn, and as it was taken and edited by a couple of easterners who knew nothing of the subject, by the time they'd edited it, it was as Bob described it, "corny". There were several family shots in it. A copy of this film is supposed to be in the ISU film library. I hope they never show it.

It was assumed that 1952, a year that the Legislature didn't meet, would be a quiet one. Such was not the case. In addition to keeping up our contacts with our close friends, I found myself involved with political responsibilities. Frequent speaking engagements, over the county took time. I think some folks just assumed that when I was elected, I'd suddenly have the wisdom of a Solomon. Sad to say the election, while conferring responsibilities, gave me no added wisdom to solve them. I did have access to sources of information regarding state government, and that was a help.

This was the year that local school re-organization was a hotly debated subject. WOI-TV got into the act, hiring an eatern programmer to conduct several programs on the subject. The last one was staged in the Chamber of the House of Representatives in Des Moines. I was one of the fifteen or twenty members asked to appear on that program. The (so called) Speaker officiating that evening was a minister, who, I think, was coached to needle the Legislators, hoping they'd "blow up" and cause a scene. Speakers were encouraged to get up and speak on the subject of school re-organization and then be cut off by the speaker. I got to talk for a very short time, when I was gaveled down. In spite of the unsatisfactory over all performance, I got quite a lot of fan mail. It's too bad that a program which could have been really constructive and informative turned out to be such a "bust".

I had no opponent, either Republican or Democrat for re-election.

In May, a family forum (we called it the "Chat and Nibble") made up of the Virgil McPhersons, James Davis',

J. S. Likelys, Glenn Holmes', Roudabaughs' and Ringgenbergs' families was formed, and we met on Sunday nights for years. The food served was as important as the discussions we held.

In 1952, after a six weeks training period at Ft. Sills, Oklahoma, Bob got his diploma from ISC and his commission as Lieutenant in the army, being assigned to Camp Carson, Colorado. Randy and I got our corn picked early that year so we all made a trip to Colorado sight seeing and being with Bob. I'll always remember the night spent in a Thompson Canyon cabin. It was bitterly cold.

We had a happy reunion at Christmas when Bob came home on a short furlough. He had to report back January 1st to Fort Sills, Oklahoma. We hated to see him go.

January 1953 brought our second legislative session. When the committee assignments were read I was surprised to learn I was to be Chairman of the Tax Revision Committee. My other committees were as follows: Agriculture, Appropriations, Cities and Towns, Conservation, Police Regulation, and Roads and Highways. Most of these were important committees, but I had been left off the School and State Educational Institutions Committee. I went to the Speaker and asked to be relieved from Chairman of Tax Revision, if he'd put me on the Schools Committee. He didn't promise me anything. When I told my secretary, Mrs Ash, what I'd requested, she had a fit. "It was an honor to be a chairman of a committee," she said, and I shouldn't have done that. As it turned out, Bill Lynes, House Speaker, put me on the Schools Committee as I'd requested, but left me on as Chairman of Tax Revision also.

At the end of the session, an interim committee was set up to study the state tax structure. I was asked to serve on this committee but refused, due to home responsibilities. The committee made several recommendations, but it was years later before some of them were finally adopted. The legislative wheels often grind slowly.

One day Ruth Matson brought the boys, Lee and Lynn, down to see the Legislature in action. They were sitting just back of me and Lynn, four years old, was observing everything. He saw some pictures back of the Speaker's desk and said, "there's Abe Lincoln's picture and there's Ike's." After a long pause, while he gazed around, he exclaimed, "Where's Grandpa's picture?" One of the other Legislators who heard him grabbed a "Red Book" and showed him my picture. It made me feel very humble to be held in such high esteem.

Bob paid us a two week visit from Camp Carson in June, then he left us July 11th for overseas duty in Korea. I can still see the City of San Francisco train pulling away from the station with one so dear to us all.

During the summer I went to Mackinac Island on state government business. This time I took Eloise along. In colonial days this had been a fur trading post. When we came back Ruth and Randy wanted to go there too, so with them, Eloise and I went the second time.

This same year the doctor discovered malignancy in Eloise's breast. Then followed an operation and twelve years of X-ray and intra-venous treatment. In all that time I never heard Eloise complain. I know the deep burn from so many X-rays was most painful, but she tried to bear it and lead a normal life.

Up to this point I have been jotting items down in a some what regular order. I'm going to start here with my 1953 year in the Iowa House and in short order complete my legislative experiences.

The Democrats gave me opposition in the fall of 1954. I had introduced a truck bill in the house similar to the law on trucks in Kansas--the ton mile tax. This was most unpopular with truckers, so they had opposition lined up, but we still won in November.

During my third session in the House I was chairman of the Roads and Highways Committee, a big and important one. I introduced a bill making it easier for farmers to get their refunds on gasoline used for agricultural production. Thanks to Lloyd Smith, who later became State Auditor, this bill was killed in committee.

I never did introduce a lot of bills while in the legislature, although my name appeared on a number, as co-sponsor. While still in the House I introduced an anti-bribery bill, a copy of which I had gotten at a Council of State Governments meeting. This bill made it unlawful for anyone to offer any athlete a bribe to "fix" or "shave points" in any athletic contenst. A severe penalty was provided.

This law was not on the books very long before a "tin horn gambler in Des Moines" (Di Paglia by name) was caught trying to bribe a Drake basketball player to "throw" a game. He was found guilty in court. The judge in passing sentence said the five year penalty as provided by law, was too severe and reduced the sentence to a matter of months. I think Di Pagli should have gotten the five year sentence, as he was in trouble a couple more times for crimes committed. I have heard of no other case of any one tampering with athletes, to "fix" games in Iowa.

Senator Guy Lucas of Boone County's term as senator expired in 1956, so I ran for that four year office. In the November election I carried Story County by a big margin, but lost narrowly in Boone County. I was made chairman of the Agriculture Committee, another large group. John Walker also wanted that chairmanship. I think the Farm Bureau was behind my getting that chairmanship, 'cause Harry Storey came to me and asked if I'd object if Johnnie Walker introduced my gas tax refund bill which was defeated in the house the last session. This session the bill became law. Bill Nicholas of Mason City was Lieutenant Governor, and presiding officer of the senate, and made all the committee assignments. He was defeated in the race for governor in 1958.

During my second session in the Senate, we had a Democrat Lieutenant Governor, Ed McManus. He later was appointed to a Federal judgeship at Cedar Rapids. The majority of the senators were Republican, so we were not about to have McManus, a Democrat, make up the list of committee assignments. A list of eight senators (one from each congressional district) was given that task. I represented the 5th district on that committee. Again I headed up the Committee on Agriculture.

This was the year a bill was introduced to change Iowa State College to a University. There wasn't much open opposition. I asked Cliff Nolan of Iowa City if he'd handle the bill on the Senate floor, and he said, "No." It was my personal feeling that the University of Iowa was not enthusiastic about this name change.

All through this session my relations with the Lieutenant Governor were not very good. I think he resented our committee making all the committee assignments. He had also been a member from the Senate, to that Council of State Governments interim committee. When he turned in his expense account to Gladys Nelson, the chairman, his bill was by far the highest of any member. When Gladys came to me and asked what she shold do about it I said, "I wouldn't OK it". I don't know if McManus found out about this or not--anyway, he reduced his askings. He'd often overlook me (I'm sure intentionally) during floor debate. At the end of the session I went to him and said, "I want to congratulate you! You did a much better job of presiding than I thought you could." I'm not sure how he took that.

At the end of my senate four years term I decided I wasn't coming back: (1) Eloise's condition was worsening and I was needed at home. (2) I was fed up with politics as played in the Senate. (3) It was Boone County's turn to nominate the Senator. When I told some of my friends in the Senate they tried to change my mind. Bill Singer, Republican chairman of Story county said, "You can be re-elected." I said, "No, it's Boone County's turn." The thing that made me waver a bit in my decision was when two different groups from Boone County came over, asking me to forget the long standing "alternating rule" and run for re-election. Ten years is a long time to serve in the Legislature. I tried to give it my best efforts, and considering everything I thought it best to let someone else, with new and probably better ideas and abilities, take over.

As I look back over those ten years, I realize it was a wonderful experience, with new friends, and a post graduate course in education. I hope that I was able in some small way to help make Iowa a better place in which to live.

I am writing these lines, April 28, 1978. That's my eighty-third birthday. I guess a person of eighty three years has license to let his mind digress. Also, it will tend to keep you (if you read this) wondering what's coming

next. Yesterday we went bowling. I had two real poor lines. Vera Wymore beat me the first line. The third line I caught fire and had a 183--only one open frame, the last, when I had a nine.

Eloise

Here it is December 1978--almost Christmas and I haven't written in this tablet all summer so I better hurry this to a close. I can't do that without telling you a bit more about Eloise. I think I met her first through a Unity Club to which Mother belonged. I must have been about fifteen years of age. When this group met, at times some of the children met and played games of various kinds. I noticed how happy and full of enthusiasm Eloise seemed to be. Vera Wymore had a personality similar to Eloise in those days. Eloise was quite popular in high school and a very good student. During her high school days, I had a crush on Inez Cretsinger, while Eloise chased around with a high school student, Vern Moses. She said later she went with him only so she could be with the group. Some time after Inez and I went our separate ways, I began to see more of Eloise, to the disgust of Moses.

Eloise was always a neat dresser. Her clothes could not be called expensive, but they had class. After we were married, we'd go shopping together, and I think I learned quite a lot from her, how to pick out dresses that "fit" the person.

There is no quesiton in my mind that Eloise was the "main stay" of Father and Mother Minkler in their later years. Estella (Eloise's oldest sister) would have been too, had she been able but she was on crutches for over thirty years due to an arthritic condition, and lived in Sioux Rapids, Iowa.

But it was in our home where Eloise filled such an important place, a neat housekeeper and cook, wonderful mother, and a cheerful helpful wife. Even in the later years when it was difficult, Eloise remained cheerful, hiding her pain and sickness. She'd go to church and entertainments even after the doctor admonished us to never let her fall or she'd "break to pieces". Her bone structure had deteriorated to that extent.

One night, toward the end, she must have had a convulsion for she fell out of bed to the floor, unconscious. Ruth and Randall came over, and an ambulance took her to the hospital. The doctor did not even try to set the broken bones. In a short time she passed away.

You know, some great people never get written up in the history books, but their lives are enshrined in our memories, and mirrored in our lives, because we knew them.

Eloise's Parents

Eloise's parents moved to Milford Township from Rochelle, Illinois area where they were born. Eloise's Mother's name before her marriage was Van Emmon. Her father evidently was wealthy for he loaned his money out on interest even though he didn't have a bank.

The Minklers farmed in Milford Township. The present Milford school is located in the southwest corner of the 160 acres they owned. Chas Minkler (brother of H.R. Minkler) lived directly north of them. The rumor is that Father Minkler would buy new machinery and brother Charles helped him wear it out. Eloise had two sisters, Estella Vail (oldest), Mildred Murphey (youngest) and a brother Warren, just older than Eloise. There were a couple babies who died at birth. I think it was in 1907 the Minklers moved to Ames living first at 825 Burnett. Father Minkler worked for a home builder (Corlett) and they built the Minkler home at 925 Burnett.

Both the Minklers were short, probably 5'4" and 5'6"-- with a tendency toward being "heavy". Their dispositions were dissimilar. Father Minkler was always "cutting up" to the disgust of Mother Minkler.

Eloise told me that once when he was popping corn, Father Minkler left the lid off just to see the corn explode all over the room. Bet that got a response, which he undoubtedly expected. I noticed "H. R." Minkler first as an usher and "glad hander" at the Methodist church. Mother Minkler was serious minded, strong willed, and set the tone in the home. I don't know what became of the money from the sale of the farm, but by 1914 there was no money available for Eloise's college education. By this time Warren had had a year or two of college, a membership in the ATO fraternity, and had left home. Prior to this Father Minkler suffered a stroke (he had several more before his death) so he was no longer able to work. In those days diet and blood pressure were not considered important.

This made Mother Minkler a more "take charge" person than ever, and she retained that characteristic, no matter where she was, as long as she lived.

Eloise and I each had "in laws" in Ames so we had to be sure we divided our time as evenly as possible. We'd alternate Sundays with them, and as long as we had eggs and milk, we shared with both households.

After Father Minkler died, Eloise had more and more responsibility. Mother Minkler didn't like to live alone. Mildred had married and moved away. Finally came a time when care was needed, so we took Mother Minkler into our home, with a practical nurse to attend her. With our family, and small house, this made for cramped living conditions.

Estella took Eloise's mother up there a couple times for a while, but that was too much to expect from a semi-

invalid. Luckily in all that time we had but two different ladies to help. There were no nursing or retirement homes in those days, so the children had to take responsibility for the aging parents. On the days when the help was "off", Eloise had the added work of caring for her mother. Here again, I think it was high blood pressure with complications that caused those headaches, stroke and finally death for Mother Minkler.

The Minklers are buried in the Nevada cemetery beside those graves of the infants buried years ago.

The Minkler estate was settled in the midst of the "30s" depression. The Minkler home had been rented and we had difficulty collecting the rent. The house was finally sold for $3000.00.

PART III

Ruth

Ruth, our first child was born September 23, 1921. I can still remember the first night she came home from the hospital. She evidently had a bad case of the colic, for I paced the floor with her, a hot water bottle on her little "tummy" till near midnight. But that was probably the most trouble she ever caused us, at least that's my most vivid recollection.

Shortly after Ruth arrived, I started singing in the quartet at church, and she being the only child in the group, became everyone's baby. When she was able to walk--as soon as the church service was over, Ruth would toddle down the north aisle of the church to the choir loft where Mate Sunderlin and Betty Turner would welcome her. Strangers had reason to wonder whose child she was.

Ruth grew up in what, on the farms, were the difficult years of the "20s"--followed by the depression years of the "30s". So it was only natural for Ruth to grow up more conservative in the spending of money than our other children. There just wasn't much around to spend.

Ruth finished the eight grades at our local Oakwood School. There was no bus service to high school as now, so we had to provide our own transportation. In good weather Ruth rode her "bike". In winter she'd stay in town with my Mother at 716 Grand Avenue most of the time since Eloise did not drive. We never had to worry about Ruth's grades. She was a good student.

Ruth sang in the high school vocal groups, was active in girls 4H work. Her greatest 4H interest, however, was in Oxford sheep, where she, and later Robert and Marilyn, won showmanship awards at the county fair. All three also showed at the Iowa State fair with varying success.

I can't remember when we considered Ruth to be "grown up". Seems to me that even at a very early age, Ruth seemed more like an adult than a young child. I do know that during Dorothy's and Eloise's illness Ruth helped carry that tragic load.

Why is it some children cause their parents so much trouble, and some so little? I know Ruth had at least one disappointment when she started going to college. She was invited to one of the sororities. I'm sure she wanted to join, but the money just wasn't available. I sometimes have wondered how her whole life might have been changed had she joined that college group. As it was she remained an active part of our family, even through college.

During my lonely years, Ruth did much to help me through those trying times and I'll never forget that. Many the meals I ate with the Matsons, and the dishes Ruth prepared to help out my bachelor fare. I think having a daughter like Ruth was why I often said, "I wish we could have afforded to have a dozen."

Dorothy

Dorothy, our second child, born August 1, 1927, was different in many ways from our other children, especially from Ruth. Seems as though Ruth was always an adult, even when she was in her doll-playing years. Being the only child for several years (and we parents being younger too) it seemed as though we three sort of grew up together, and Ruth absorbed much of our thinking and actions.

Now Dorothy was not like that. She wanted to do "her own thing" in her own way, not ours. I can still remember how, when she learned to crawl, she was "into everything", even when told "no". One incident especially comes to mind. We had an oak writing desk made by Father Minkler, which had a lower shelf where we kept papers and magazines. I don't know how often Eloise had told Dorothy "no" about pulling out those papers, even "paddled" her. This particular time Dorothy sat there within arms reach of those enticing papers, her eyes on Eloise who was giving her that "no-no eye"--and in spite of the paddling she knew would follow she deliberately reached over (eyes still on Eloise) and pulled out a paper. She must have concluded that that one independent action was worth the punishment that followed. Eloise was a patient if firm parent and in time Dorothy was an obedient and loving child.

Dorothy had wonderful athletic ability. She loved baseball and football as she, Bob and I devised little games. But try as we would Bob and I could never out guess or out maneuver Dorothy in our football passing games. 'Course Dorothy had a three year advantage in age over Bob, but I tried to compensate for that somewhat. She would have been a good basketball player.

When Ruth was eight or nine years old I made a pair of stilts, the steps for her feet probably eighteen inches above the ground. No sooner did three year old Dorothy see Ruth on stilts when she had to have a pair too. She was so young and small, her stilts I made for her had steps probably six inches high. In no time at all she had mastered these, and to our surpirse she was also walking on Ruth's stilts.

Ruth bought a bicycle with her sheep money when she was finishing eighth grade and this too Dorothy rode. She couldn't

begin to sit on the seat and peddle, but rode around the yard in a standing position.

It was through the collection of butterflies Dorothy mounted under framed glass, I discovered the many beautiful varieties of butterflies which I had hardly noticed before. This collection is still in our attic in good condition.

One Sunday afternoon we drove to Slater to see Aunt Lizzie (Mother's sister). When we came back, the roof of our (then) hen house was lying on the ground just north of the building. The ensuing rebuilding and "clean up" left nails lying around where we had to drive our car. I made a deal with Dorothy. I'd pay her the market price per pound of hogs for every pound of nails she'd pick up. We put a large magnet on a handle, and she'd drag this magnet back and forth, putting her nails in a gallon can. She must have done a thorough job as she had the can almost full of shingle nails. Then she began to watch the hog market, it's trends and fluctuations. It was fun to watch her each day, the look of indecision on her face, before she'd decide whether to "hold or sell". Finally the hog market went up a bit, and she sold out for fourteen or fifteen cents per pound.

Dorothy was elected as cheerleader at Welch, but Eloise didn't drive, and I was not always available for transportation so she had to give that up. I think you'd have to call Dorothy an extrovert, she liked 4H work, programs, and singing. She had a nice singing voice.

Dorothy was slender in build, had beautiful dark brown hair. She, like all our other children had teeth needing an orthodontist's care.

At about age twelve, Dorothy had some alarming symptoms develop. A trip to Mayo's Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota confirmed suspicions of a pituitary brain tumor. This brain pressure caused Dorothy to have "black outs". A delicate operation at Mayo Clinic, followed by X-ray treatments, gave some relief, but there was no cure.

During these sad times, Marilyn came into our lives. Dorothy almost worshipped Marilyn--loved to play with her. Dorothy was attending school at Welch. We were most grateful for the sympathetic consideration shown by the faculty at Welch Junior High to our dear Dorothy.

During her final days of illness in Mary Greeley hospital, Dorothy was delirious yet in all those trying hours she never spoke a cross or vile word. She must have been one of God's "pure in heart".

Dorothy was sixteen years old when she left us April 29, 1943. Copied from Eloise's diary of May 1, 1943--"the funeral--she looked just beautiful--so peaceful, her hair so pretty. It's so hard to give her up. Flowers were wonderful--forty two sprays. Funeral home was entirely filled--Rev. Barker had a very nice service."

Also an entry, dated Friday, Dec. 24--which when I read it, brought a lump in my throat, and tears to my eyes. It said, "Christmas eve without Dorothy. It was pretty hard but everyone tried to keep up for each other. I fixed up Dorothy's doll, Elsie, for "Many". She picked it up the first thing and sat and hugged it just like Dot did a few years ago. Dorothy wanted Marilyn to have her dolls, but the newest one I'm saving yet."

Robert

Robert was born October 24th, 1930. his birth weight of eleven pounds, five ounces caused Dr. Budge to nickname him "Goliath". He grew to be a cute curly headed blonde. By the time he was able to be out with me at chore time, I provided him with a little bucket and a very short handled fork, so he could help with the haying and the watering of live stock. Seems like we were together a lot.

I'm sure Bob needed discipline oftener than did Ruth, and Eloise supplied most of it. I remember just once I made the application. Bob had a chore. Every night he had to bring a bucket of cobs up from the basement. One night he rebelled, telling Eloise to get them herself. When I came in Eloise told me about the uprising, so I took Bob to the granery and put out the uprising with a strap. Then we both cried together. We never had any more cob trouble and I don't remember ever spanking Bob again.

Being three years younger than Dorothy, Bob had trouble beating his sister in games we devised, but is was fun trying. At an early age, Bob took an interest in farming, and when we got our first tractor, he was soon driving it at the age of twelve.

Like the children ahead of him, Bob became a 4H member, and at the proper age was showing Oxford sheep at the county and state fairs.

When our Oakwood school closed Bob and later, Marilyn attended school at Welch in Ames. Bob would ride his bike and Marilyn would ride on behind him.

Bob, too, attended Iowa State and in his spare time helped with the farm work. I had expanded the hog raising program so his help was really appreciated. We seemed to enjoy working together. In fact, when Robert started farming south of Nevada, we farmed both farms together, a number of years. I still enjoy doing things with Bob, only now, I let him "take the lead" and do the planning.

Marilyn

Marilyn was not an "after thought", she was a "complete surprise". I was forty-three and Eloise was forty-one when Marilyn was born, April 24, 1938. Ruth was seventeen and Bob was seven and one half. I've heard of women less than forty throwing tantrums over any unexpected increase in the family, but I never heard a word of complaint from Eloise.

To show you how "innocent"? we were, when Eloise began to feel an enlargement in the abdominal area she went to Dr. Budge and told him she thought she had a developing tumor. After a short examination he said, "Yes you've got a tumor all right and we'll deliver it in six or seven months." No one went into mourning at the news, but I did some mathematical calculation. By the time this new arrival reached twenty-one, I'd be a venerable sixty-four and Eloise would be sixty-two.

I can truly say that Marilyn was not an "unwanted" child. Eloise and I both loved children. I've said many times, "I wish we could have afforded a dozen". Marilyn being the fourth child, we could not lavish all our attention on her as we did those first years with Ruth. Also Marilyn had two sisters and a brother to share her attention. Dorothy especially spent much of her time with Marilyn, they were real pals until Dorothy's untimely death. It is also possible that in these trying and worrisome times of Dorothy's fatal illness, we failed to give Marilyn all the love and attention she deserved. At any rate we tended to grow apart, rather than together as the years passed by.

Ruth taught school in Milford Township one year, and as Marilyn was starting that year, to save on transportation, (these were war years) she rode to school with Ruth. Milford combined kindergarten and first grade all in one year. Consequently when Marilyn went to Welch the second year (often riding on the back of Bob's bike) she was a year younger than her classmates.

A lot of things entered in to make Marilyn a dissatisfied "teenager". Her clothes were not good enough, her bedroom was unsatisfactory, other children had freedoms and privileges she lacked. Eloise once said, "I wish we could put her in the deep freeze for the next three years and she'd come out a fine young lady".

Finally came the time to go to college. Marilyn wanted to go to Cedar Falls instead of I.S.C. To her surprise we said "OK", go ahead. She thought she'd have to go to Iowa State as Ruth and Bob did. It took about $1000.00 per year then at Iowa State Teachers College.

Not being able to get the training there she wanted, Marilyn wanted to change to nurse's training. Again, to her surprise (I think) we again said "OK" and she began her work at Broadlawns (Des Moines). From that time on, Marilyn became a different person. As far as Eloise and I were concerned, she became a "honey" and still is.

As I think back over the years, with their trials, disappointments and blessings, I thank God for giving us children like Ruth, Dorothy, Robert and Marilyn. They have enriched our lives, and it's so rewarding to see them take their place in society as upstanding citizens.

Marilyn should be writing these recollections instead of me. She has the ability to turn a phrase or pick the descriptive adjective that makes the phrase or sentence come alive. I especially enjoy her weekly letters which I save for her. When I get a goodly number, I tie them in a bundle and return them to her. They'd make a complete diary for her, if she'd only remember to date each letter.

PART IV

January 26, 1979

It's been months since I've written on these pages, and as I'm anxious to bring these jottings to a close I'd better get busy. The trouble is that certain incidents or articles come to mind and want to be written down so it's hard to finish.

For instance, there's that black tin box in the bedroom cabinet where I keep papers like insurance policies. I can't remember when I first saw this box. Father kept his papers (abstracts, deeds, contracts, etc.) in this same box. When he opened this box it was a solemn occasion (almost like going to church) and while he liked to have me with him normally, this was a "no no" time for me. This was serious business and no place for a curious, nosey boy. Naturally the more I was restricted, the more curious I became. After many years I came into possession of that box, but now, abstracts, deeds, etc. are kept in a bank lock box so the old tin box has been down graded, but the memories of it still remain.

In the bottom of that black tin box is a large billfold in which Father carried paper money; change, he carried loose in his pants pockets. It must have been the fall of 1904 or 1905, our family went to the state fair. In the afternoon, Father and I together were standing along the east fence of the race track where we could see the horse races.

It was a very warm day so Father took off his coat, removed his billfold from the inside coat pocket and put it in his hip pocket, where it stuck up several inches. During one of the races he felt someone brush past him, and at once missed his billfold. He grabbed a young man who was turning away, saw a bulge under the man's vest, and pulled out his billfold. After a stern lecture he let the fellow go.

A stranger standing next to us said he shouldn't have been turned loose, so after a bit of discussion the three of us started looking for him. We found him at his trade, along the fence west of the amphitheater, and turned him over to the police and preferred charges. His trial was to come up in several weeks.

In a few days a nice looking young lady came to our home; said she was the wife of the pickpocket. She cried a lot but Father wouldn't drop charges against the thief. In a week or so an elderly nice looking man came, said he was a minister and the prisoner was his wayward son. He so worked on the sympathies of the whole family that Father finally agreed not to press charges against the pickpocket. In later years, I've wondered if that fine old gentleman was really the minister father; whether the beautiful lady was really the wife, or did the criminal have a clever conniving attorney working for him?

My parents had a hiding place where extra cash was hidden, not fireproof but hard to find. In the wooden cupboard which Grandfather Bierhaus built for Mother, (and which Ruth Matson now has) is a narrow secret drawer to the left of the left hand drawer. It can be found only by removing the large drawer first.

Iowa Weather

One thing is certain, Iowa weather is not monotonous. We can have radical changes in summer and winter as well. Certain years with extreme weather come to mind.

In 1920, my first year of farming, and my first real experience of husking corn by hand, I recall that Eloise and I finished that tiring and boring task on December 12th. The weather for that time of year was beautiful, and continued until almost Christmas.

I recall another fall,(1926 I believe) I was clerk at the November election in Oakwood school when it started snowing. That snow stayed on all fall, the weather disagreeable. Some mornings, after a cloudless night, frost would cover the ears. In no time at all, our mittens were soaked and the weather was cold as were our hands.

About 1930, the Christoffersons and I had the use of a Farmall tractor owned by the Agricultural Engineering Dept. of Iowa State. In it they had installed a six cylinder Graham Page automobile engine. They wanted to see how long before the engine wore out. The weather was so mild, that we three did all our spring plowing in the month of February. We'd put a barrel of gas in the field, and kept the tractor running day and night.

We had an unusually dry hot summer in 1934--almost no rain and day after day of high temperatures. That was the year my whole oat crop would not (if sold on the market) pay my electric light bill. We threshed three places, the Christofferson brother's and my fields in a short afternoon. That was the first year I had hybrid seed corn, about nine acres and the only field I husked. I cut a lot of corn and put it in the trench silo, but the feed value was low.

The Armistice day snow storm of the early 1940s will never be forgotten. Eloise and I had gone to Peoria to visit the Sunderlins, and from there to Wheaton, Illinois to see the Wygants and the Turners. We left the older children at home with Carl Koch of Nebraska doing the chores. The snow had drifted so badly and it was so cold, the family had closed the double doors and were living in but three rooms to keep warm.

This winter (1979) is setting records. January temperatures were nine degrees below normal and we've had much above

average snow fall, with February and March still to register, but 1936, in my opinion, holds the record for cold and snow.

In those days the roads were not graded as high as at present. Neither did the county have the snow removal equipment it has today. About once a week the track tractor with a snow plow in front, would open the roads so we could get to town. We'd load our eggs, go to town for needed supplies and hurry back home before the one track lanes blew shut again. We'd go to town via State street where the snow on each side was piled higher than the car.

Ruth was going to high school at the time so she stayed at my Mother's home at 716 Grand. If possible she'd come home over the weekends. Sometimes I'd take her back on Monday, as far as Randau's on horse back. They were able to get to town by car from their place.

1979 was a good time to be somewhere else besides Iowa with its snow and cold. Bob and Harriet sometime ago planned a trip to Hawaii, so they were missing a couple weeks of extreme weather.

Less than twenty four hours ago I wrote the above paragraphs about our changeable weather. Last night I heard that the winter of 1978-79 is averaging colder than the winter of 1935-36 and with more snow also. The long range forecast for February and March is for more of the same. Now you know what I mean when I say that Iowa weather is never monotonous!

This is February 14, 1979. We have been having our second severe winter in succession with lots of snow. I've had time to read some of Eloise's diaries, recalling many happy memories. The year 1958 was filled with days spent working with Bob and Randall harvesting crops, dressing chickens and Muscovy ducks. It was the year we hurriedly finished the corn picking so we could go to Florida with the Likelys. Like all first "trippers" we were thrilled with the climate. We took other trips later on with the Likelys, to Boston, north thru Nova Scotia and home via the St. Lawrence river, and later to the west coast.

1958 was the year we went to Canada fishing with Bob and Harriet. We were out on Bruce Lake one afternoon when a bad storm came up--I'm sure we could have made it back to camp safely, but Eloise became so fearful we stopped to dry our soggy clothes. I knew where we were in relation to the camp so Bob and Harriet started walking to camp. In the meantime--Stauffer, (the camp owner) started looking for us using his airplane. Then a larger boat came and took Eloise and me to camp, which we reached just before Bob and Harriet walked in. It was much further by land than I realized. The whole camp had been concerned as to our whereabouts, and had a brisk fire going for us in our cabin.

I don't know how we managed, but we were taking more trips to various parts of the country. Marilyn had married Maxwell Patrick in 1960 and was living in Macon, Georgia so

Eloise and I went down to see the Patricks and their two cats in December.

As time went Eloise's cancer problem became more acute, so more medication and X-ray treatments were required. In all that time I never heard her complain. She tried to live a normal life till the end. We went to the athletic events at the college, with the help of the Matsons. The doctor had admonished us to never let Eloise fall as her bone structure had deteriorated badly.

She had a bad session in the hospital and at one time I didn't think she'd ever come home again, but miraculously she did. One night, shortly before the end, we were in bed asleep. Eloise must have had a convulsion, for she fell out of bed, to the floor. I called Matsons and the ambulance took her to the hospital still unconscious. Dr. Rosebrook found so many broken bones he made no attempt to set them. She died April 11, 1965. Eloise was a devout Christian,, and her daily living mirrored her sincere beliefs. I can still see her, kneeling every night at her bedside in prayer, before retiring for the night.

With her gone, my home life was shattered as our activities were planned together. It was a difficult adjustment to make after almost forty five years together. The children have helped fill the void during this period of loss.

The summer after Eloise left us I joined a Farm Bureau tour group going to Europe. We were in England, Holland, Denmark (briefly in Sweden) Germany, Switzerland and France. My traveling partner was Chet Scheerer of Boone county. He had been in the Legislature and he too had recently lost his wife.

I left the tour group one day in Switzerland to travel by train to Interlocken. From there, I went by taxi to the neat little town of Ringgenberg, up in the mountains. In the Feudal days the Ringgenbergs were barons and lived in a castle. The ruins of part of this castle still remain. The rest was used to build the village church. The rumor is that the Ringgenbergs became so over-bearing that the peons tore down their castle and made ordinary people of the barons.

My Grandfather came from this place to the United States. His first ship was lost at sea so he had to sail the second time. He settled in Ohio where he farmed in Holmes County for many years. Several of the older children were married when the entire family came to Iowa by wagon train and settled in the Alleman area. My Father was one of the younger members of the family. My granparents, Peter and Anna are buried in the cemetery near Alleman. Their grave is marked by a grey metallic monument.

Their decendents must number in the hundreds. There was not one Ringgenberg left in the Swiss town bearing that name. I searched the cemetery in the church yard and could find no monument or marker with the name Ringgenberg on it. There is

an inscription on the pipe organ in the church in Ringgenberg, Switzerland to the effect that Bach played on this organ in (I don't remember the year). This was especially interesting to my brother Calvin who visited here and played on the organ during the mid-nineteen twenties.

I don't think any one was taken by surprise when Ruth Plagmann and I were married the latter part of December 1966. We had known and neighbored for forty years and more. Eloise and Ruth were close friends and Ruth was here often during Eloise's illness. So it was not difficult for Ruth to come into our family and be an active part of it. Again we enjoyed our home life. Many of Ruth's interests and activities were similar to mine so there were few adjustments to make.

One of Ruth's evening pastimes was crocheting, a sample of her work rests on our dining room table. I'd have given it to her son, Gale, on her death except for the fact she said she "wanted me to keep it".

Ruth's oldest son Gale was a long time employee of United Air Lines, so Ruth was granted "pass" privileges. I being her husband also received them--but I always felt as tho I took something I didn't really deserve. We took numerous flights to California. One year, with Gale, Margaret, their two adopted sons, Tom and David, we toured three of the Hawaiian islands. We went "on our own"--rented a car and had an enjoyable vacation.

Ruth and I spent several of the winter months at McAllen, Texas, where Ruth taught me to dance. We also were at Dunedin, Florida several seasons during the cold periods. For some reason Ruth's arthritis would get worse in Florida than here at home, so we quit going there.

One winter, we took Bob's camper and went to Big Bend National park in Texas, where we met the Wymores. It was on the trip down there that Ruth's knee became very painful. Nothing we could do, seemed to help. We came home by way of McAllen, where Ruth still had ten acres of citrus fruit. It was great sport to pick the largest, juciest grapefruit. We came home with seventeen bushels, and Wymores had every available space in their car filled too.

As a girl, Ruth, an only child, loved to go fishing with her father, a sport she had to forego after she married George. Well, we made up for that lost time, going to Canada a number of times with congenial friends. I especially call to mind one trip we took with the Wymores and the Paul Borks. We had gotten pretty well soaked in a rain storm on the lake (especially the Borks) so Paul acted the part of Chinese laundry man, hanging wet garments in every available space in the cabin, to dry.

While Ruth was still well and active Ruth and Randall Matson and we, took a G.G.G. Bus Tour to Alaska and back. It was a wonderful experience. It was fortunate we did. Ruth had her knee operation soon after and almost immediately she

was afflicted with inner ear trouble. Ruth was never her true self after that. We did take one more G.G.G. bus tour at the insistance of the Matsons who said they'd help take care of Ruth, which they did--else we could never have gone. Ruth enjoyed it as best she could--the St. Lawrence valley--Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the New England States in their fall colors.

Ruth's condition deteriorated rapidly after that trip. She first used a "walker" and finally a wheel chair to get around. I was a pretty good cook when she was there to "over see" and tell me what to do next. I had put metal handles on the wood work in the bathroom to make it easier for Ruth to help herself in and out of her wheel chair, but it was almost impossible to take her anywhere in the car without help to get her in and out.

All my family was together for Christmas. It was at that time the children decided that Ruth's condition had become such that she needed more care than I alone could give her. It is impossible to describe one's feelings at a time like this--the sense of loss, the loneliness, the sorrow of parting. Through it all Ruth never complained. It was convenient to go see Ruth at Riverside Manor, and I did, almost every day.

We made it a practice to read a chapter from the Bible when I visited Ruth, but I was unable to do more, my emotions would boil over. Inez Sickler was here visiting and I told her my problem so she volunteered to go with me to see Ruth. The simple childlike way in which Ruth expressed her faith in God to Inez, reminded me of Jesus statement,--"Except you become as little children, you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven".

The Matsons had planned a trip to New Zealand and Australia and insisted I go along--which I somewhat reluctantly did. On the way back we stopped at the Hawaiian Islands, but the weather being bad we flew to Los Angeles and Irvine, California to be with Marilyn's family. All in all it was a wonderful trip, one which I had never hoped to take. It helped prepare me for again living alone.

Ruth was at Riverside Manor for twenty months when she too left us in August 1976. Burial was at Marengo, Iowa beside the grave of her first husband, George.

Why is it that even tho we know parting is near and inevitable, we are never ready for it? Again my children and friends helped me through those lonely days.

The year 1976 brought with it the sudden unexpected death of our long time friend and fishing companion, Darcy Wymore. He was always such an active, vivacious and friendly person, we were left with a deep sense of loss. Our sympathies went out for Vera, whose loss was so much greater.

Bob and Harriet had planned to drive to Homestead, Florida where Mrs. Hawk (Harriet's mother) lived and I was going along as far as Dunedin. By waiting a few days, we

were able to take Vera along back to Dunedin after Darcy's funeral. It was a sad trip. That spring Vera sold their trailer in Florida and came back to live in Ames permanently. It was at this time that Vera gave me Darcy's golf clubs, and with some guidance from Dick Day, I tried to play golf. I must say I surprised myself at some of the shots I made; the bad ones--and at times a good one. The year 1977 I bought a golfing season ticket, and the weather being good, played many rounds of nine holes, mostly with Veras, Wymore and Day. I'll never be much good. The best I ever did was a forty five-for nine holes. We had so much rain in 1978 that I was so busy with yard and garden work, I played only a few times. I also had a heart flare up that slowed me for a time.

I had taken up a new pastime also. Under the guidance of Vera, I tried my hand at bridge, and I've found it a fun game. Three of us, Mabel James, Vera and I play quite regularly with that remarkable lady, Laura Knapp.

Vera and I have learned that by making a "couple" we can do things we could not or would not do, as "singles". For me it is a very happy association. It brightens many an otherwise dull and lonely hour. Vera's ready smile, cheeful voice, and sympathetic nature, makes her everyone's friend. I hope she'll always remain mine.

As I look back over the now racing years, I try to bring to mind people who have had the most influence, in shaping my life. In their proper order I'd have to name my parents, Eloise, my family and then friends. If I had to single out just one friend it would have to be Vera Wymore. She can do more to dispell my gloom and disappointment than any one I know.

I've belonged to a number of organizations but the most important one is the church. Until I was five, we attended the Reformed church west of Alleman. The service was conducted in German. We talked as much German then as English. You'll find that hard to believe as I've forgotten most all of my German and I can hardly form a sentence.

In Jamaica, Iowa in 1902, we attended a tent revival meeting, and by the time we moved to Ames in the fall of 1903, Calvin and I were members of the Methodist church. I was not nine years old. About 1904, Rev. Shea conducted revival meetings in the old church where our present church now stands and our family of four attended regularly. We'd get home so late at night, the folks let us sleep so long in the morning we'd barely make it to school on time. We attended Sunday school, for a time, Mrs. Tom Miller (Dorothy Geibelstein's grandmother) was our teacher. We always took part in the Chidlren's Day programs. Calvin had a very fine soprano voice. I started singing alto and we did duets together.

When our present church was built Calvin was soon playing for the Sunday school exercises, and still later (1910) the pipe organ for church services.

Henry Giese was our boy's Sunday school teacher about 1912-13,--and Dolly, Henry's wife, had the girls of high school age. Our class organized a football team and we played two games on old Clyde Williams field. The stands were not filled--they were empty. I don't recall that we had a referee.

Henry also directed a Sunday school orchestra for years, but by 1921 I had quit playing the violin. A pitch fork or a scoop shovel does not help your fingering technique. That orchestra became so proficient, they'd give Sunday night concerts in neighboring towns.

I'd been singing in the volunteer choir since 1913, so when I quit the violin, I concentrated on singing. It was in 1922 our volunteer singing became so few that the music committee hired what later went by the name of the "old quartet". This led to fine associations and really good music. People told us so. We were each paid $2.00 per Sunday and sang at morning and evening services. Once in a while we'd put on a Sunday evening service of sacred music.

I've served as Sunday school teacher for a class of boys, served on the Finance Committee and the Board of Trustees. But here I was a rather inactive member, as I was in the Legislature at the time and had to beg off from some of the work assignments.

It was through the church that most of our best and lasting friendships were made. But the most important function of the church was and is the renewing of our Spirit and trust in God. We had a number of ministers, I'll never forget" Rev. Shea (here when our present church was built), Rev. Shipman (he'd come down to our quartet practice sessions), Rev. Morgan, here during the depression of the 1930s (We paid part of our church pledge with ½ a hog). Harlan Harper brought the church a load of wood. Rev. Evans (was here only a short while) and Rev. Bob Pinnell.

If I were living the past over again, somehow I'd find time for family devotions and prayer. We need to place more dependence and trust in our Heavenly Father. Now that I'm alone, it helps to read the Bible, pray, and realize I'm not really alone.

To my grandchildren I'd suggest, when you choose a place to attend, choose a church rather than a tavern. The friends you make in the church will help to build you up. The ones in the tavern might try to tear you down.

And now in conclusion I must thank our Heavenly Father for all the blessings he has given me through the years. For Eloise and Ruth, our dear children and grandchildren, for friends and acquaintances. I pray that God will guide, protect and bless you all as he has blessed and cared for me.

Carl

Here it is January 22, 1981--one of many beautiful sun shiny days this unusual winter. I had supposedly concluded these writings long ago, but the months slip past and things of importance in our lives occur so I don't think I'll ever again write a concluding paragraph.

I have earlier mentioned Vera Wymore and our friendship. This seemed to grow. One evening I told her "I'll probably never marry again, but if I do it will be with you". "Oh no it won't" she replied, but time proved her wrong. We were married December 3, 1979, and since then we have had a wonderful life together. Everyone loves Vera--so why shouldn't I?

One must keep active physically and mentally to match Vera's enthusiasm for action. Even when she's sitting relaxed resting, she knits.

Vera fits into my family circle perfectly, I just hope I do half as well in hers. What more can I say? We just live one day at a time together.

Hello Folks! Here it is November 1, 1982. Never again will I write a concluding paragraph to this book. The chain of events which make up my life, with its countless blessings, continues to grow.

Vera and I have now been married almost three years, and they have been happy years for us both. Vera has gained the love and admiration of all my children and we do many things together, as a closely knit family should. We have visited all three of Vera's children, and they have been here with us too. Our marriage seems to have had their blessing too.

Vera's eldest son Wayne and wife Muriel (nick named Mike) live in Tuscon Arizona - where he has been head of the math department at the University. He graduated from Iowa State and got his Doctors degree at Madison Wisconsin.

They have four children, Farrell, and daughters, Darcy, Melanie, and Leslie. Only the two youngest daughters are still at home, attending the University.

Loren, the second son, lives with his wife Betty in Barrington, Rhode Island. Loren graduated from Iowa State and got his Master's degree in Boston while working for Raytheon. Scott, their son, is the oldest, followed by Ann and Donna. All are married.

Suzanne, the youngest of Vera's children, also graduated from Iowa State and married a classmate, Jack Rolfs. They reside in St. Paul, Minnesota, where Jack works for Univac. They have four children, Mark, Greg, Nancy and Doug. They spend much of their spare time at their cabin on a lake near Brainerd, Minnesota.

Vera has quite a family, all successful in their chosen fields. Since they are so scattered, it requires quite a bit of travel to see them.

We've made a couple trips to Florida with Bob and Harriett doing the driving, stopping in Dunedin with Ames friends while Bob and Harriett went on to Homestead where Harriett's mother lives.

Two fishing trips to Canada with Bob and Harriett didn't produce many fish, but lots of Blueberries. This year, 1982, we haven't golfed once and gave up our garden. You'd think that giving up such time consuming activities, we'd have time on our hands but that's not true. Senior Citizen activities take up much of our time. Even when we have an evening at home it is not boring. Vera may knit and watch T.V. while I'm close by reading an interesting book. Sometimes Vera too will join me reading also.

Every morning we start the day with our devotions, so we are ready for anything that God wills.

FINIS

STATE OF IOWA
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
DES MOINES

WM. S. BEARDSLEY
GOVERNOR

July 6, 1950

Mr. Carl H. Ringgenberg,
Ames, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Ringgenberg:

Congratulations on your nomination as a Republican candidate for State Representative. It is my hope that we will be privileged to work together in the legislative activities of the next session.

Meanwhile, we must present the issues which will assure the continued support of the voters in the November election. This will require our united efforts.

Best wishes for your victory in the fall.

Sincerely yours,

Wm. S. Beardsley

Wm. S. Beardsley
Governor

wsb:gh

PAUL CUNNINGHAM
5TH DISTRICT, IOWA
MEMBER OF CONGRESS

MILLARD D. CARLISLE
SECRETARY

COMMITTEES:
PUBLIC WORKS
CONSENT CALENDAR

SUBCOMMITTEES:
ROADS
PUBLIC BUILDINGS
AND GROUNDS

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

November 14, 1950

Honorable Carl Ringenberg
R. F. D.
Ames, Iowa

Dear Carl:

Just a personal note of congratulations on your splendid victory. I also want to thank you for your cooperation and assistance in campaigning Story County. It paid dividends and I personally enjoyed the work and association with you and Dayton very much.

I know you will enjoy your work in the State Legislature and that you will be a credit to Iowa.

With best wishes to you and your family, I am

Cordially and sincerely,

Paul C

Paul Cunningham
1127 House Office Bldg.
Washington, D. C.

PC/mdc.

702 Empire Bldg.
Des Moines, Iowa

IOWA STATE COLLEGE
OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS
AMES, IOWA

FFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

May 12, 1959

Honorable Carl H. Ringgenberg
Route 3
Ames, Iowa

Dear Senator Ringgenberg:

Thank you for your good letter of May 7. I am not at all satisfied about the statement in your letter that your service in politics may be at an end. I certainly am not willing to accept this. You are too valuable a person for the citizens of Story and Boone counties to let you retire from public life. I want you to know how much all of us here at the College genuinely appreciate your able and effective work in the legislature. I am sure that you know what a high regard all of us have for you. The marked improvement made in securing the needs of this institution during the last three sessions has been due largely to your efforts. It has been a real pleasure for me to have worked with you, and there is no question but that the ground work laid by you will be most helpful to all of us in future legislatures.

I hope to see you soon for a good visit.

With high esteem and kindest personal regards to both you and Mrs. Ringgenberg, I am

Sincerely yours,

James Hilton

James H. Hilton
President

rf

The Izaak Walton League of America
INCORPORATED
OUTDOOR AMERICANS FOR OUTDOOR AMERICA

TIONAL OFFICES • 1326 WAUKEGAN ROAD • GLENVIEW, ILLINOIS • PHONE GLENVIEW 4-3880
WASHINGTON OFFICE • 322 BOND BUILDING • WASHINGTON 5, D. C. • PHONE DISTRICT 7-6578

Ames, Iowa
11 May 59

Senator Carl Ringgenberg
Rural Route # 3
Ames, Iowa

Dear Carl:

Just want to take a few minutes of your time to thank you for all the cooperation that the League received from you in the past session of the legislature.

It has been most gratifying to see how much of our legislative program was enacted into law and I feel that much credit must go to individuals like yourself who gave of their time to help our program. I feel that even our water laws would have been successful had not the Director been caught in a web of his own making--but we feel that a lot of good was accomplished.

Again, on behalf of the Iowa Division of the League, and for myself---THANKS!!

Cordially,

Keith McNurlen

Dr. Keith A. Mc Nurlen
2408 Lincoln Way
Ames, Iowa.

Ames Public Library
Sixth and Douglas
Ames, Iowa

Office of the Librarian

May 11,1959

Senator Carl Ringgenberg
Route Three
Ames,Iowa

Dear Senator Ringgenberg:

Thank you ever so much for bringing in those pamphlets and bulletins last Saturday. Many of them will be of use in our pamphlet file.

Since our paths do not take us to places where these things are available we are very remiss in getting them for our files. Your doing it for us has been most helpful.

I trust you enjoyed the session and will now be just as glad to be through with it. On the whole it was a good session and the legislators can be proud of themselves. There seemed to be more common sense and less foolishness than usual. Too bad about the Ames bill but I am amazed that it got as far as it did. Better luck next time.

Yours sincerely,

Letha M. Davidson

Letha M.Davidson
Librarian

IOWA STATE COLLEGE
OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS
AMES, IOWA

PARTMENT OF DAIRY AND FOOD INDUSTRY

May 11, 1959

Hon. Carl Ringgenberg
RFD #3
Ames, Iowa

Dear Senator Ringgenberg:

At the conclusion of the 58th Assembly I wish to express to you my personal appreciation for the support which you gave the bill for the milk grading law (H.F. 259). I am quite aware that the success of this legislation was in large measure due to your personal interest and intervention. This sentiment is shared by the large part of the dairy industry in Iowa.

The enactment of a law which defines as clearly and adequately the standards for the quality of manufacturing milk is a milestone in the history of the dairy industry. It manifests the public confidence in the extensive quality improvement work which has been practiced by all the best processing plants in the state for years. The 58th Assembly has reason to be proud of its contribution to this cause.

Sincerely yours,

V. H. Nielsen
Head of Department

VHN:DK

IOWA STATE COLLEGE
OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS
AMES, IOWA

IVISION OF ENGINEERING
OFFICE OF THE DEAN

May 11, 1959

Mr. Carl Ringgenberg
RFD 3
Ames, Iowa

Dear Carl:

I want you to know that we sincerely appreciate all the fine work which you did on behalf of Iowa State College in the recent session of the Legislature. Largely because of your efforts some very constructive legislation was passed. I know that you spent many long hours on behalf of the College. We do appreciate all that you have done for us.

Very truly yours,

George

George R. Town
Dean

GRT:lep

Carl,

this letter has gone to all 37 who voted "aye" with personal notes on those who spoke supporting incl Buster, Earl Elijah & Putney

I know, Carl, how hard you have worked on this delicate bill & what a masterful job you've done. I'm sure many of the "aye" votes were more for you than for any other reason & the cause though delicate because it went to one school district is a very just one and you were most effective in convincing the Senate

The enclosed check for $10.00 (which will ultimately be paid by the school district) is to reimburse you in part at least for the telephone calls you made to me Frank Adams & perhaps others. I'm afraid it would be impossible to reimburse you in full for all you've done but no one would want you to personally pay these calls.

Thanks, so much Carl.

Walter H.

Iowa FARM BUREAU FEDERATION
FARM BUREAU BUILDING — DES MOINES 9, IOWA — PHONE ATlantic 2-8171

May 19, 1959

Honorable Carl Ringgenberg
Ames
Iowa

Dear Carl:

I want to take this opportunity to again express our appreciation for your contribution to good government in the recent session of the legislature. Carl, I know of noone in the Senate who is held in higher regard by a majority of your fellow Senators and lobbyists. You're straight forward approach to issues and the enthusiasm with which you attack your job is appreciated by all. This was a rugged session with unusual ramifications.

In spite of the fact that some things were no accomplished that we desired, I believe that there was developed a hard-core within the Senate that will be helpful as we look to the next session. In spite of the gentlemen's agreement that exists between Story and Boone county regarding the election of a Senator, I wish you would not be too emphatic that you will not run again. If there is ever a time that we need solid men in the legislature, it is going to be in 1961. The Republican party in Boone might decide that they have nobody ready and certainly we don't want the present Representative from Boone to become a member of the Iowa Senate.

This is talking rather frankly but I am sure you understand it is an honest opinion. Again thanks for your effort and I trust you are getting the necessary relaxation and rest that you deserve after a vigorous four months.

Yours truly,

Harry

H. I. Storey, Director
Public Policy Division

HIS:sm

"OUR LIBERTIES WE PRIZE AND OUR RIGHTS WE WILL MAINTAIN"

State of Iowa
THE SENATE
FIFTY-EIGHTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY
DES MOINES

LYNN POTTER
STATE SENATOR
FORTY-SECOND DISTRICT
OWARD AND WINNESHIEK COUNTIES
CRESCO, IOWA

COMMITTEES
AGRICULTURE
APPROPRIATIONS
BOARD OF CONTROL
CLAIMS
PRINTING
SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL
INSTITUTIONS
TAX REVISION

April 27, 1959

Sen. Carl H. Ringgenberg
Senate Chamber
State House
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Carl:

I wish to express my admiration of your capable leadership of the Agriculture Committee and my gratitude for having had the pleasure of serving with a seasoned legislator to whom I could honestly give my admiration.

Respectfully,

Lynn Potter

LP:jan

Busy Butcher's Blunder

I've heard a lot of stories
But they won't all do to tell,
But here is one I know 'tis true
I think does very well.

About a college farmer
That raises lots of pork,
And is raising quite a family
He's had three visits by the stork.

So finally he decided
He thought that he knew well,
That there is meat about a hog
'Twas just inside the shell.

So he concluded scalding
But the water was too hot,
If he ever knew that such could be
He surely must forgot.

So after he had set the hair
This story I am told,
He added cooler water
Till he got the batch too cold.

So after having given
The water cure a test,
He finally decided
That skinning was the best.

So slowly he proceeded
Till he got down to the legs,
He knew the hog was through with
them
So he cut off the pegs.

So everything was lovely
Till the hog should be hung high,
And this is where he found the hog
Had nothing to hang by.

It certainly is a pity
That Burbank had to die,
Or he might have grafted on a place
To hang the hog up by.

Here's just a little of advice
And this is all in fun;
Hereafter I would recommend
You have your butchering done.

— Henry Bilhaus